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And Chronicle

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Original Poetry.

APOSTROPHE TO THE ART OF PRINTING.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY C. C. LANE.

Immortal art! Invention's favorite child!
Though rude thy birth kind Heaven on it smiled;
Philosophy and science hailed thy car,
And Freedom ran to meet thee from afar;
Thou'st gather'd laurels fresh from every age,
Flinging new glories o'er the virgin page.
Like the fair goddess of the Thunderer's brain,
Thou holdest o'er the arts thy peaceful reign;
To virtue sweet thou dost protection yield
Beneath the circuit of thy bright orb'd shield,
And justice, when thou throw'st its equal gleam
Along her scales, adjusts her golden beam.
Before thy sight and ninety Argus eyes,
Which no shrewd one of Main can surprise,
Black calumny lays by his meaning shrug,
And vice in vain her secrecy doth hug.
Methinks, impersonate, I see thee now;
The diamond brilliants that bested thy brow,
O'er which the beams of thought in beauty play,
Seem a star-cluster of the milky way;
Queen-like thou walkest in thy robes of white,
And wavest back the shades of mental night,
To guard us from those pit-falls of the mind
That ignorance and bigotry combined
Are ever digging in our path,—to thee
We look as to some kind divinity,—
As did the Israelite to Moses' rod,
Or the old Roman to his household god.
Yet to one favor'd people of thy choice
The wisdom-dropping counsels of thy voice
Are not confined; thousands of tongues beyond
Fair freedom's hold or science's polished bound,
Thou traversest earth's limits, radiant
With sacred light of Heaven's divine intent.
Along the Ganges' venerated tide,
Where superstitious phrensy far and wide
Hath immemorial its orgies held,
And the soft wave with infant slaughter swell'd,
God-like thou standest in thy strength pacific,
To point with truth the rude hyeroglyphic.
Where the swart Caffre in the rock or tree
Had faintly shadow'd forth a Deity.—
And where the Zealander, with tiger rage,
On fellow-flesh his hunger did assuage,
Beneath the Centaur of heaven's southern cope,
Thou goest forth the messenger of hope:
Or, travelling northward through the coral deep,
Hast roused the Sandwicher from his long sleep;
The Otaheite, beneath his broad banana,
In love thou'st taught to raise the rude hosanna.

Vernacular Sketch.

TRUSTING APPEARANCES.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY EZEKIEL JONES, ESQ.

[It gives us no small pleasure to find that Mr. Jones, who is an old friend and correspondent, is more *canine* than *feline* in his friendship—his attachments being more to *persons* than to *places*; as is evinced by his sending this story to our present address. We hope to hear often from him, and trust that we may not be disappointed.—*Ed. Post.*]

"There are a great many folks in this world who are amazingly taken by outside looks," said my Aunt Sally, the other evening. Now Aunt Sally is an old maid, past redemption—one of the oldest kind, for, good old soul, she's hard upon sixty. She always did say, though, that she needn't have been a spinster all her days, if she'd a took up with any thing that come along—and I do believe her. Like most old folks, she seems sometimes to run of a notion, that every body else must be thinking over in their minds, just what she is dreaming about—in a kind of magnetic communication, as the Mesmerists say—though Aunt Sally knows nothing of Mesmerism; and I think it would be better for some younger people, if they didn't. But she appears to fancy, when she's been chewing the cud of memory over, all to herself, and then breaks out in a new spot with some wise saw, that all of us must know just what she means by it. So, says she the other night, as I told you. "There are a great many people in this world, who are amazingly taken by outside looks." Then she hitched her chair nearer to the jamb, gave the skirts of her gown a tuck, held her right hand over the fire to warm her fingers, and looked all round, first to father, then to mother, then to Fanny, and then to me, as if she waited for one of us to speak. Nobody said a word, and she pursed her lips up, trotted her left leg on her right knee, and looked right into the fire. I saw the old lady kind of wanted somebody to speak, so I took my eyes off of Chitty on Evidence a minute, and said:

"That's a fact, Aunt Sally, appearances *are* deceitful; but what's to be done about it?"

"Why Zekiel," said she, "didn't you see *that* in the Philadelfy Post?"

"*What* in the Post?" said I.

Aunt Sally got the newspaper and pointed to a paragraph which set out how a poor old drunken creature laid down on a railroad, and went to sleep, and how the whole train went over him, crushing him all to pieces, and how his jug was broken in his hand; and furthermore that he had left a destitute widow, and that his children, if they weren't exactly helpless from infancy, had grown up helpless from bad examples; and that the case was a real one of destitution, and contained a deep lesson, and all that—the same sort of reflections that every body naturally makes when such a case comes before the coroner. Well, I read it out loud, as Aunt Sally asked me, and though it did seem a painful narrative enough, I couldn't see any thing in it which had any thing to do with Aunt Sally. So says I, "Well Aunt Sally, I don't see now, what you are coming at." Father looked as though he did, but as mother and Fanny, and I all seemed curious, Aunt Sally put herself in her story telling posture, and began:

"I could have told that man what would be his end, forty years ago."

"Why, aunt," says I, "they didn't have rail-roads then, nor dream of them."

"Never you mind Ezekiel Jones. People who are too fond of the bottle didn't have to wait till railroads came in fashion, to find that sudden death laid in ambush for them, I can tell you. The drunkard's grave always gaped for him, ever since the world was made, and many is the fine young man, who has begun to slide down into it, before ever he knowed which way his feet was slipping; or before ever he found out that he didn't stand as fast as the everlasting hills. But I'm fairly set down for a story, and being that you want to hear *it*, and that Fanny is here too, I mean to tell it." And father he folded up the newspaper he was reading, I shut up my book, mother made haste to count her stitches in the knitting work, where she was drawing in to fit my calves, Fanny crossed her feet with one sly peep at her own handsome ancles, and we all put on our listening caps for ——

AUNT SALLY'S STORY.

"I'm going to talk about things that I don't often mention; for when a body's nose and chin begins to look as if they were forever going to kiss each other, and the gray hairs will straggle out from under the cap, and the hands are shrivelled and skinny, and the lips puckered and thin, it seems kind of strange to young folks that old folks, and old maids in particular, should talk as if they had ever known or felt any thing like what we used to call love when I was a girl, and what you still know by the same name, for want of a better. But I can tell you, Fanny Arbuckle, that my cheeks were once as full and red as yours [didn't Fan blush and simper,] and that my lips pouted as handsome and red for a kiss, [she couldn't help smiling half spiteful,] and that I showed as pretty a set of teeth when I laughed. [Lord, how Fanny's eyes snapped!] There wasn't a delicater waist in the State, and I had as good looking a pair of feet to stand upon, as them that are now peeping out from under your new alpacca-lustre."

I guess Fanny's feet were drawn in about the quickest. Father he went off into a horse-laugh, and mother looked pleased enough. Aunt Sally stooped over and looked at Fanny's gown, as if she had just thought of minding it. "There," says she, "it's a good deal like what we used to call Prince's cloth, when I was a girl, but it's got more of a gloss. But that ain't telling my story.

"There was hardly a young man in these parts that didn't shin up to me at some time or other, and that your father knows, Zekiel. He was a kind brother then, as he has been ever since, and though I say it to his face, it's no disgrace, between two such old rheumatics as we are now. He took an amazing deal of pains to find out all about the young men that took a shine to me, and he come pretty near the mark generally, though he wasn't always right, as that account in the Philadelfy Post has shown, after so many years."

Now, if this had been said almost any other time, father would have gone into an argument with his sister, but he didn't feel like it now. I could see that his eyes glistened in the fire light, as his memory dwelt on the old times that Aunt Sally had been raking up; and I now began to put that and that together, and to catch a notion of what the horrid accident had to do with the glances between my father and my aunt. After a minute, she went on:

"Forty years ago this winter—it may be more, for perhaps I can't rightly remember, there was a great sleighing party contrived up by the young men. It was in that party, that I had my first regular invite. I'd been before, a good many times, to be sure. Sometimes I'd been taken along as one of the children, and sometimes your father had put me under the buffalo skin in his sleigh, when he kind of wanted to coax some shy girl to ride out with him and knew she wouldn't go, if the ride looked altogether too much on purpose. Sometimes too, the girls in the set older than me would agree to a ride out with some spark, and then up and ask me to go too, for a spite to their beaux. Didn't the fellows use to wish me farther! But I didn't care for that so I had the ride. This, though, was my first regular sleigh ride, where a young man had harnessed up his horse on purpose to treat me to a jaunt, and to get a chance to throw out hints about how pleasant a short journey was together, and how we might like a longer one, and all that sort of nonsense, that the young men were just as good at forty years ago, as they are now.

"I can truly and honestly say that I never had a pleasanter frolic in my life. The bells jingled, and the snow flew, and the laugh rung clear, and Josh Bemis looked as if there never was a handsomer man. I felt proud of my beau, and as proud of his horse as if it had been my own, and as proud of his driving, as if I had held the reins, and as cheerful and happy as ever an artless, untroubled and innocent young girl could on a harmless frolic. To be sure, though my ears were two well covered from the cold to feel the frost, Josh did make them tingle a little. Oh you may smile, Fanny Arbuckle, but when you are as old as I am, you will own, like me, that there is nothing in after life ever puts a woman into such a happy flutter, as when she hears, for the first time, what is said for her own private ear, and nobody's else. It is such a delightful secret that there never was a woman yet, who could keep it longer than till she met somebody to tell it to.

"Well, when we got to the stopping place, the older girls who had been courted till the business had lost all its freshness, and the beaux, who had been paying attentions till they did it just as much of course as a doctors horse stops before the house of an ailing family, they began to throw out their jokes and hints, and twits. Perhaps they thought it teased us; but I know that though I kind of half dreaded the gauntlet that I knew I had to run from my young acquaintances, I should have been dreadfully disappointed and provoked if nobody had said any thing; and I guess Josh felt pretty much the same. We hadn't been in the house over a minute before one of the girls got the whole story out of my blushes in a corner, and then she turned to the rest, and such a tease as they put me into! I had forty minds in a minute—first that I *never* would speak to Josh again—then that I would run right out and walk home alone ten miles through the snow—and then that I *certainly* would pout so at Jo that he would never trouble *me more*. Just that minute I heard a great haw! haw! haw! in the bar-room, where the fellows had all gone to order in refreshments. Then I knew that they were plaguing Jo too, and when he come in with the rest, he was trying to look as if he had heard nothing in particular, and didn't care for anybody. But he couldn't help looking as if somebody had caught him, running away with a sheep upon his back—and of course, as all the rest were against us, we were obliged to help each other face them out. We couldn't help it—and on the whole, I guess we didn't want to. Being Josh and I were the youngest couple, and rather the most awkward, our sleigh was brought to the door last, and when Josh handed me in, he put his face into my hood, and—"

Fanny looked at the speaker at this passage—

"He didn't *bite* me, *nor I him*, Fanny Arbuckle, I can tell you. Well that ride passed off, nicely. Your father, Zekiel, tried to plague me a little after we got home, but I fixed him out in short order with the kitchen tongs. I know just as well as could be, that it was a match of your father's coaxing on, and that he was tickleder than I, if that was possible, for young Joshua Bemis, Esq. was thought a match for anybody, if 'an old vagrant and inebriate, named Bemis,' that's what the paper says, did get killed the other day, on a railroad. Ah well!" continued aunt Sally, with a sigh, after a moment's pause, "We are all born, but not buried, as the saying is.

"I shall leave you to guess of whom I dreamed, Fanny, that night. Time passed on, and I grew every day more discreet and woman-like, and better worth respect and love; for there is nothing fixes character, for good or ill, like the first serious, thoughtful and sincere attachment. But it was broken off, and every body said *I* was to blame. Your father does not know to this minute, what separated us. Now, I'm going to tell him."

Father looked up from the fire with a great deal of earnestness at aunt Sally—and Fanny and I were not a little interested too. Who knows that we shan't be separated too, thought I. I stole a look at her face, her eye met mine, and it didn't need any words to tell me that our thoughts were on pretty much the same thing. Aunt Sally continued, addressing my father:

"Do you remember that we were out of milk early of a morning in the Spring after that sleigh ride?"

Father shook his head.

"Why," said Aunt Sally, "I'm sure I should think you would. Father was going to Boston, and took an early breakfast—there was none left over night, and the cows hadn't been milked."

The old gentleman made no answer.

"Well, then, what a fool I am!" Aunt Sally said. "I do believe I am getting old. To think that I should think that you would remember such a little thing over forty years as well as I do, whose whole life has turned upon it! Well, to make a long story short, mother told me to take a pitcher and run into some of the neighbors. I tried and tried, at two or three places, and then run into the tavern, that was, where Mr. Gottridge's house is now. I was in the kitchen, and I heard a laugh in the bar room. I should known that laugh if I had heard it among a thousand, and I never had heard it before, when it didn't make my own heart jump in answer. But what could Joseph be doing there before daylight? In a minute more, I heard the stick rattle in the tumbler and then Jo's voice again. I couldn't help listening—and such coarse jokes as those of which I was the subject! Why I like to have dropped going home, more than once, milk pitcher and all. It wasn't the mere words that were said, I wouldn't have you to think, for though they were bad enough, he meant no harm. It wasn't altogether the place neither in which they were spoken; but the hour—and what went into the mouth before the words came out—a morning dram!"

Aunt Sally wiped her eyes, and we all felt serious, I can tell you; but father, he looked like a man who had just found out a riddle that had puzzled him all his life.

"I said nothing to nobody—how could I? But when Josh Bemis came over in the evening, how could I be as happy to see him as I was the evening before? And when you scolded me for not being cheerful, brother, I could not answer. The rest you know. I was led to watch Joshua, and I found that the morning dram was not a mere accidental thing, but a habit; and though there were a great many who used to do the same thing, I never could feel that they were safe. Well, one chill brought on another, till at last Joshua began to leave longer spells between his visits; and when he did come, that unlucky morning had supplied me with a key to too much of what you fancied was mere good humor; and then again I found that a cloud over his face, that he said came from fatigue, came from something else. I tried to joke him out of his habit of moderate drinking; but he took it only as a joke, and only laughed at me. I dared once to reason seriously with him, and he asked me if I thought him a drunkard, and that was the last time I spoke to him on that subject. And now I can look back and tell the living truth, when I say that the hour in which I ascertained that he was coaxed away by an artful rival was one of real relief. *She* courted, and she won him.

"People pitied me. You almost quarrelled with me. I told you then not to trust to appearances, and you thought that it was only envy. And so it did seem. He was rich, he was prosperous, he was honored, he went from step to step in public life, he has been in the General Court, and he has been to Congress. His children were loves and pets, his house and homestead were a sight to behold for their pleasantness, and I know you did think me almost a fool that I had not been the sharer in all this.

"But, flourish as the tree might, I knew what worm was at its root; and when, in his jovial manners, his pleasant parties, his dinners, his drives, his popularity, other folks saw only bright happiness, I could have told them better. I could see that all these appearances, were the plainest marks of decay—just as you mind trees turn all sorts of beautiful colors, when their leaves are e'en just ready to drop. And just when the world thought him best off, his one vice began to strip him. *Leaf after leaf fell*, till the tree was left all bare, and it is only a few old creatures like me who can recollect who that "vagrant" was, and *what* that "inebriate" once possessed. Now he is dead—and is his widow, with her long life of earthly hope, of glad prosperity—of contemptuous pride—followed by humiliation, trouble, embarrassment and squalid poverty—her children the plagues of her life—her husband torment in her eyes—her name forgotten—her heart and home desolate, and all crowned by *that* piece in the paper;—is she who trusted appearances better off *now* than the poor lonely old maid who did not?"

Aunt Sally hid her face in her hands. Father got up, and walked right across the fire-place to her. "Not *lonely*," said he as he took her hand in his—and the brother and sister got up and kissed each other, as if they were both children, and Sally had been telling over some girlish trouble, which could be all wiped out with the lips. I guess there wasn't an eye there, though that didn't swim in tears; and as to Fanny, I do believe that she'll be afraid of me hereafter, if I only look at the outside of a cask of spirits of turpentine.

[NOTE.—It is hardly necessary to say that Fanny is Mr. Jones' affianced.]

Jonesville, November, 1842.

From the Magazines

FROM THE BOSTON MISCELLANY, FOR DECEMBER.

THE UNHAPPY STRANGER.

BY CHARLES LANMAN.

I was a passenger on board one of those noble steamers which navigate the Sound. The hurly-burly attending our departure from the dock, was at last ended, and I had a good opportunity to wander quietly about the boat, studying as it is my wont to do, the variously marked countenances of my fellow passengers. When the supper bell rang, there was a general movement made towards the after cabin, and as I fell in with the crowd, I happened to cast my eyes upon the only group left behind. This was composed of a middle aged man and his three children. The latter were getting ready to retire to rest, and the youngest, a sweet little girl, of perhaps three years of age, ever and anon, kept questioning her father as follows—"where's mother, pa!—pa, where's mother! When will she come back!" The kind and delicate attentions of the father, as he smoothed the pillows and laid them in their nest, tended to interest my feelings, and when at the supper table, my fancy was busy with the scene just witnessed.

It was now quite late; the lazily uttered joke, and the less frequent peal of laughter seemed to announce the spiritual presence of repose. The newspaper, the book, and checker-board were gradually laid aside, and in a little while, nearly all the berth-curtains were drawn up, and their occupants in the arms of sleep. Many of the lamps were out, and those that did remain, produced a dim solemn twilight throughout the cabin—the only part at all animated being that corner where the boot-black was engaged in his appropriate duty. The cause of my own wakefulness, it is unnecessary to relate—suffice it to say it was entirely dispelled by the following incident.

Just as I was about to retire, the sigh of a burdened heart smote my ear, and as I turned, I beheld an individual sitting near a berth, with his face resting upon the pillow—weeping bitterly. He was a fine intelligent looking man, in the prime of life, and on nearer observation, I found him to be the identical one who had before attracted my attention. I approached his seat, and in as kind a tone as possible, inquired the cause of his unhappiness, adding that I should be pleased to do for him anything he might desire. For a moment a fresh flood of tears was my only answer, but these he soon wiped away, and extending to me his hand, he thus began to speak.

"I am grateful to you, my dear sir, for your expressions of kindness and sympathy towards me, but the weight which is resting upon my spirit cannot be easily dispelled. I have been sorely afflicted of late, and the associations connected with that event are what caused me to forget myself, and give vent to my emotions in tears. To be found weeping like a child in the midst of a multitude of strangers, may be considered a weakness, not a sin, but that you may understand my conduct, I will relate to you the cause.

"One short month ago, as I paused to consider my condition, I fancied myself to be one of the happiest of men. My cottage home, which stands in one of the fairest valleys of New Hampshire, was then a perfect picture of contentment and peace. A much loved wife, and three children, were then the joys of my existence. Every pleasurable emotion which I enjoyed was participated in by her, who was my first and only love. From our united hearts, every morning and evening, ascended a deep-felt prayer of gratitude to our Heavenly Father; and from the same source, sprang every hope concerning the temporal prospects of our children, and to us and them, of the life beyond the grave. We were at peace with God, and with regard to this world we had every thing we desired.

"The time of harvest being now ended, and an urgent invitation having been received from my father-in-law, I concluded to take my family, and make a visit to the pleasant village in New Jersey, where my wife and I were children together, and where we had plighted our early love vows. All things were ready, and, leaving our homestead to the care of a servant, we started on our journey—reaching in due time, and in safety our place of destination.

"We found our friends all well and glad to see us. Not a care or trouble rested on a single heart. Thankful for the blessings of the past and present, all our prospects of the future were as bright as heart could desire. 'Old familiar faces' greeted us at every corner, old friendships were again revived, and a thousand delightful associations crowded around us, so that we had nothing to do but be happy.

"Thus had two weeks passed away, when, on the very night previous to our intended departure for home, my wife was suddenly taken ill, and when the morrow dawned,—*I was a widower, and my children motherless.* The idol of my heart, instead of returning to her earthly home, was summoned by her Maker to that blessed home above the stars, where the happiness of the redeemed will never end. God is great, and His will be done—but, alas, it almost breaks my heart to think of those bitter, bitter words "never more" I cannot bear to think of it—never more upon the earth, shall I behold that beauteous form, and listen to that heavenly voice, which were my delight and pride. To my eye, the greenness of earth is forever departed. Oh, who can tell what a day or an hour may bring forth? Oh, how lonely, lonely is my poor, poor, poor heart!"

Those last words of my stranger friend were uttered in a smothered tone, and with a drooping head, and, though he held my arm after I had risen to go, I tore *myself* away, for I thought it my duty to retire.

When I awoke in the morning, after a troubled sleep, I found the boat was at the dock, and the day somewhat advanced. My first thought was concerning the unhappy stranger, with whom I longed to have another interview, but in making diligent search I found that he was gone, and with him his three sweet orphan children. His form, and the few words he had spoken, seemed to me like a dream. Oh, yes, they were indeed, the substance of a vision—a dream of human life. Surely, surely life is but a vapor, which appeareth for a little season, and then vanisheth away. As the great Jeremy Taylor hath eloquently written—"death meets us everywhere, and is procured by every instrument, and in all chances, and enters in at many doors; by violence and secret influence, by the aspect of a star, by the emissions of a cloud and the melting of a vapor, by the fall of a chariot and the stumbling of a stone, by a full meal or an empty stomach, by watching at the wine, or by watching at prayers, by the sun or the moon, by a heat or a cold, by sleepless nights or sleeping days, by water frozen into the hardness or sharpness of a dagger, or water thawed into the floods of a river, by a hair or a raisin, by violent motion or sitting still, by severity or dissolution, by God's mercy, or God's anger, by everything in providence and everything in manners, by every thing in nature and every thing in chance. We take pains to heap up things useful to our life, and yet our death is the purchase; and the person is snatched away and the goods remain. And all this is the law and constitution of nature; it is a punishment to our sins, the unalterable event of providence, and the decree of heaven. The chains that confine us to this condition are strong as destiny, and immutable as the eternal laws of God."

This picture of man's condition is indeed most melancholy, but let us remember it is not a hopeless one. Only keep the commandments, and confide in the promises of the Invisible, and we shall eventually find that the laws regulating our final redemption, will prove to be as immutable as those concerning our earthly condition.

FROM THE BOSTON MISCELLANY FOR DECEMBER.

SANTA CROCE.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

Not chiefly for thy storied towers and halls,
For the bright wonders of thy pictured walls;
Not for the olive's wealth, the vineyard's pride,
That crown thy hills, and teem on Arno's side,
Dost thou delight me, Florence! I can meet
Elsewhere with halls as rich and vales as sweet;
I prize thy charms of nature and of art,
But yield them not the homage of my heart.

Rather to Santa Croce I repair,
To breathe her peaceful monumental air;
The age, the deeds, the honors to explore
Of those who sleep beneath her marble floor;—
The stern old tribunes of the early time,
The merchant lords of Freedom's stormy prime;—
And each great name, in every after age,
The praised, the wise;—the artist, bard and sage.

I feel their awful presence; lo, thy bust,
Thy urn, Oh! Dante, not alas thy dust,
Florence, that drove thee living from her gate,
Waits for that dust, in vain, and long shall wait.
Ravenna! keep the glorious Exile's trust,
And teach remorseless factions to be just,
While the poor Cenotaph, which bear his name,
Proclaims at once his praise,—his country's shame.

Next, in an urn, not void, though cold as thine,
Moulders a godlike spirit's mortal shrine.
Oh! Michael, look not down so still and hard.
Speak to me,* Painter, Builder, Sculptor, Bard!
And shall those cunning fingers, stiff and cold,
Crumble to meaner earth than they did mould?
Art thou, who form and force to clay couldst give,
And teach the quarried adamant to live,
Bid,—in the vaultings of thy mighty dome,
Pontifical, outvie imperial Rome,
Portray unshrinking, to the dazzled eye,
Creation, Judgment, Time, Eternity,
Art thou so low, and in this narrow cell,
Doth that Titanic genius stoop to dwell?
And, while thine arches brave the upper sky,
Art thou content in these dark caves to lie?
And thou, illustrious sage! thine eye is closed,
To which their secret paths new stars exposed.
Haply thy spirit, in some higher sphere,
Soars with the motions, which is measured here.
Soft be thy slumbers, Seer, for thanks to thee,
The earth now turns, without a heresy.†
Dost thou, whose keen perception pierced the cause
Which gives the pendulum its mystic laws,
Now trace each orb, with telescopic eyes,
And solve the eternal clock-work of the skies;
While thy worn frame enjoys its long repose,
And Santa Croce heals Arcetri's woes!

Nor them alone:—on her maternal breast
Here Machiavelli's tortured limbs have rest.
Oh! that the cloud upon his tortured fame
Might pass away, and leave an honest name.
The power of princes o'er thy limbs is staid.
But thine own "Prince;"—that dark spot ne'er shall fade.

Peace to thine ashes:—who can have the heart
Above thy grave, to play the censor's part.
I read the statesman's fortune in thy doom.—
Toil, greatness, woe;—a late and lying tomb‡;
Aspiring aims by grovelling arts pursued,
Faction and self baptized the public good.
A life traduced,—a statue crowned with bays,
And starving service paid with funeral praise.

Here too, at length, the indomitable will
And fiery pulse of Asti's bard are still.
And she,—the Stuart's widow—rears thy stone,
Seeks the next aisle, and drops beneath her own
The great, the proud, the fair,—alike they fall;
Thy sickle, Santa Croce, reapeth all!

Yes, reapeth all, or else had spared the bloom
Of that fair bud, now closed in yonder tomb.
Meek, gentle, pure; and yet to him allied,
Who smote the astonished nations in his pride:
"Worthy his name," so saith the sculptured line.—
Waster of man, would he were worthy thine!§

Hosts yet unnamed,—the obscure, the known—I leave;
What throngs would rise, could each his marble heave!
But we who muse above the famous dead,
Shall soon be silent, as the dust we tread.
But not for me, when I shall fall asleep,
Shall Santa Croce's lamps their vigils keep.
Beyond the main, in Auburn's quiet shade,
With those I loved and love my couch be made;
Spring's pendant branches o'er the hillock wave,
And morning's dew drops glisten on my grave;
While Heaven's great arch shall rise above my bed,
When Santa Croce's crumbles on her dead;
Unknown to erring or to suffering fame,
So I may leave a pure though humble name.

FLORENCE, MAY 17, 1841.

* Michael Angelo, when he contemplated the statue of St. Mark, by Donatello, at Orsanmichele, used to say, "Marco, perchè non mi parli?"

† Galileo, toward the close of his life, was imprisoned at Arcetri, near Florence, by order of the inquisition.

‡ The monument of Machiavelli in Santa Croce was erected in the latter half of the last century.—The inscription—"tanto nomini nullum par elogium."

§ "Ici repose Charlotte Napoleon Bonaparte, digne de son nom, 1839." The words are translated "worthy his name," for an obvious reason.

FROM THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

FRANCES AND FANNY.

In Five Chapters.

CHAPTER I.

The world may say what it will to the contrary, I contend that love is the master passion of life. It is the exciting cause of all our actions, whether for good or evil, whether in the agitating career of ambition, or in the cares of domestic life. We feel it gradually creeping into our hearts in childhood; we are sensible that it fills our whole soul in manhood; and we know that it continues its gentle influence, during the remainder of our existence. The mellowed charm of old age arises from the benign offices of those we have forever attached to us; our ease and comfort arise from the presence of the last best gift of Heaven. And he, that has never loved, can have no true friends.

For my own part, I cannot say how early I began to love; earlier perhaps, than most boys, for I had but few objects of affection. I lost my parents, when an infant; and no nearer connexion was left to me than a cousin about my own age. But my love for her was that of a brother,—very different in its nature, from that which I felt for others. I had very tender sentiments for, at least, half a dozen little girls, all older than myself though, before I was fifteen; but, it was not till I was about twenty, that I understood what love meant; and yet, I knew nothing of the full force of the passion at that time. I was in my twenty-fourth year, when the reality came upon me. Heavens! what an animating principle it became—what firmness it gave to my step—what vigor to my intellect—what fervor to my devotions—what energy to my whole character! A new light burst upon me, and filled my whole soul. Even inanimate objects seemed imbued with the feelings which agitated me. A book spoke in the tender accents of a friend. The humblest flower breathes of early spring, when the hope of a young heart promises a long life of happiness.

I was the last man in the world, that should have suffered so absorbing a passion to overwhelm him; for, in the first place, I was very fastidious in my notions of women; and, in the second, there was nothing to check the career of this one mighty, overpowering sentiment. I was rich, and my own master; and my estates were in such honest hands, that I had not an anxious thought. Occupation might have sobered down the intensity of the feeling, but I had literally nothing to do. Jealousy, which, even in my boyhood, laid the foundation of many a care, was now likely to bud out afresh and torment me; for, idleness nourishes the green-eyed monster. But I found that it must be a whirlwind to uproot the passion which now took possession of me.

My great wealth would, of itself, have been a passport to the best society; but I was besides, well born, and well educated. There was no fear, therefore, that I should be neglected by fashion and duty. In consequence, I was subject to no mortifications, and had nothing disagreeable to encounter. Three years residence abroad added to my facilities. I had every thing, in short, that the most ambitious man could desire. There was no impediment in the way of my aspiring to the hand of the finest and fairest in the land; and, what young man, situated as I was, could help being aware of his position and advantages?

When I returned from Europe, I found my pretty cousin happily married—happily for *her*, I mean, for there was a strong, direct contrast in the characters of Sophia and her husband, which, in their particular case, was essential to their happiness, whereas it would have made me miserable.

I never saw greater harmony where all, apparently, was discord. They liked no one person or object in common; yet they loved one another tenderly. And, having watched them narrowly, I could fully believe Sophia, when she said, she was perfectly happy. Happy in her sense of the word, she certainly was, but it was not of a nature to satisfy me.

Mr. Woolley, her husband, was a lawyer of good standing; he was clear-headed, methodical and quiet in his ways, without a particle of romance in his composition. He lived order; and, in every thing that related to his comfort and convenience, or to the respectability of the house, he was scrupulously exact and imperative. If affairs did not go on with perfect regularity, he quietly attended to them himself.

But Sophia knew all this before her marriage; it did not break upon her suddenly. On the contrary, it was often the theme of conversation. They had ample time to discuss it, and to get accustomed to each other's ways, for it was an engagement of three years, Mr. Woolley being too poor to marry. The moment I was of age, I gave him the agency of my estates; and this, with a rising practice, enabled him to make Sophia comfortable. But money produced no alteration in their temperaments or habits. I heard the same gentle reproof and remonstrance from him, and the same good humored promises of amendment from her, as before their marriage. I was glad to perceive, however, that Sophia was more in the habit of accommodating herself to her husband's orderly ways, and of consulting his tastes, and that she did not fret or excuse herself, when he complained of her inattention and carelessness.

"Walter," said Mr. Woolley to me, "you must certainly begin to think of marrying. A man of your wealth makes but a poor figure in the world by himself. I want to see you at the head of a family."

"What," said I, "you think I shall then be better off than I am now—you, that are drinking a cup of coffee that does not suit you, because your wife forgot to order hot water on the table to weaken it—and no boiled milk as a substitute!—it has been so three mornings in succession."

"Because I happen to have a thoughtless wife," said he, smiling good-naturedly at Sophia, "does it follow that you are to have just such another?"

"Oh, James," exclaimed Sophia, "does not your coffee suit you! Benny, how careless in you to forget the boiling water. But it is my fault; I must certainly get up earlier; yet seven o'clock is an early hour, too."

"Yes," said her husband, "it is early to you who rise a few minutes before seven; but Walter and I have been up a long time—and then to drink such strong coffee as this—if there was tea on the table, I should ——"

"Say no more," said Sophia laughing. "I shall make an effort to-morrow morning, and all will be right. No, no, cousin, do not let my poor housekeeping hinder you from marrying; there are greater obstacles in the way than what arise from such defects as mine."

"And pray, what are they, Sophia?"

"Why, your own fastidiousness, and a certain secret fear you have of being *taken in*. Nay, you need not redden, nor look so angry; it is all true, nevertheless. I dare say you have never yet broken the matter to yourself; but these are your sentiments, depend upon it. Women understand those feelings well."

"I own that I am over nice in my sentiments respecting your sex, but I deny that I have the fears you attribute to me."

"Well, let that pass; my saying yes, and your saying no, does not prove any thing. No one likes to think ill of himself. But answer me this—have you ever seen a woman exactly suited to your notions? Was there not in early days, some drawback, something to excite disgust, before you had fairly fallen in love?"

"Yes, and I wonder who it was that opened my eyes to all the imperfections of the little belles, that I fancied I was in love with? But all that nonsense was not love; my time has not come yet."

"It is nearer than you imagine, Walter; for I know the very woman that will suit you."

"Come, that is something—it quite enlivens me—where does she live?—do I know her?"

"No, you do not; she lives in retirement, though in the city; and I can tell you, that she is as beautiful as an angel, and as gentle as a dove; in short, with the exception of wealth, of which you have enough already, she is exactly the one to suit you."

"Now listen to *me*," said Mr. Woolley: "I grant all that Sophia says of her young friend Fanny Fielding, but you would infinitely prefer her cousin Frances. There is a woman for you, Walter—the Gods can grant nothing better, nor more beautiful; a high-minded, generous spirited creature, with an excellent education and a very superior understanding. She is wealthy too, quite enough to make her a prey to some fortune-hunter, if she were not blessed with good, sound, common sense. I have the management of her Belmont estates, and I often see her; so I speak understandingly."

"Upon my word, Woolley, you are quite enthusiastic. Why, Sophia, he has caught a little of your romance. But is this lady really very handsome and accomplished?"

"Yes, more so than the heart of the most ambitious man could desire. I think her perfect, although Sophia finds some little fault. In one thing, however, we agree, and that is that you are to be left unbiassed. We have often talked the matter over, and came to the determination not to talk of either of those ladies, until we returned to the city. You have had time to rest and look about you since your return; and now, you must fairly give yourself the chance to win one or the other of these lovely women; but mine is the one for you. All I shall further say is this: that Miss Frances Fielding is all that your most sanguine hopes could desire.—If you do not marry her, my opinion is, that you will never marry any other."

"Well really, my dear husband, I begin to feel a little jealous—I never heard you so eloquent in any woman's praise before. Well, cousin, we shall soon follow you to the city, and then you shall be introduced to the two fair cousins; but I predict that you will fall in love with dear, gentle Fanny. Miss Frances is very charming and all that; but, to tell you the truth—James, let me speak, I did not interrupt you—she has the same, a *little* of the same fear that you have: she is afraid that her wealth will be the magnet to draw lovers around her. Now, my dove-like Fanny has no wealth—absolutely nothing, excepting the income which her cousin allows her. Fanny is an excellent housekeeper,—that praise, you will allow her, James, for you did not find fault once, during the month she spent with us, when I was in such a weak state of health."

"No, there was no room for fault-finding; I was delighted with her quiet, methodical ways; but still Miss Fielding is *my favorite*."

"Well, well, let Walter see them both, and I will answer he will admire Fanny the most."

"I shall not give up to you, Sophia; he will, beyond all comparison, prefer Miss Fielding; you forget how divinely she sings; you forget her graceful dancing; her harp; her piano; you forget how charmingly she reads, and how well she converses."

"Yes, dear, but then she is haughty, and, I think, a little suspicious, and I may add she is often disobliging to others. To us, to be sure, she is all condescension; but only recollect how you have been mortified at her refusal to play or sing, or dance. As to the harp, she certainly plays exquisitely; and her fine bravura style of singing is very delightful; it surprises and enchants us, but still I infinitely prefer one of Fanny's little tender ballads; *her* singing goes to the heart. James and I never can agree in our estimate of these two women; but we have changed characters here, for he should admire my gentle dove, and I should rhapsodize about her cousin. You will judge for yourself, however, and you are far harder to please than either James or myself. I see how it will be, you will go from one beauty to the other, and finally choose my favorite. Dear, sweet, gentle, beautiful Fanny! Oh Walter, you will love as man never loved before."

Although differing on minor points, yet James and Sophia had cultivated tastes, and loving them both, it was very natural that I should be influenced by their opinions. I became, therefore, exceedingly anxious to see these peerless beauties. As to fortune, I never thought of it for a moment; in fact, I rather preferred a woman without it. To be sure, I had my dreams of subduing the proud beauty, and I was desirous too, of making the gentle Fanny love me; yet, somehow or other, these dreams always ended in my loving her better than her rich cousin.

I established myself in the city, suitably to my income, renewing my acquaintance with those that I knew before I went abroad, and making new ones. They were all pleasant fellows, and, of course, devoted to me. I frequently heard the praises, the extravagant praises of Miss Fielding, her beauty and accomplishments; all the world were in raptures with her; but it generally ended in her being so cold, so haughty, so indifferent, so capricious. No one spoke of her gentle cousin; I should not have known of her existence, had it not been for Sophia. Her being poor and out of the fashionable circles was sufficient to keep her unknown.

My cousins were slow in their movements; and I wrote to hasten their arrival. I had purchased a pretty house for them and furnished it neatly, intending it as a present and a pleasant surprise. I really desired to have such kind-hearted, loveable characters close to me, and I longed for home feelings again, for I was tired of heartless sycophants; besides, to tell the truth, I was impatient for an introduction to Miss Fielding and her cousin Fanny. I might have been introduced to Miss Fielding at once, but I promised to wait until my cousins came to town. In fact, I had taken up the idea that I should be better received and be on a more pleasant footing, if introduced by the Woolleys.

It so happened, that I saw Miss Fielding the very day after I despatched the letter, and I was electrified by her surprising loveliness; and although taken by surprise, I felt, at once, that I was a lost man. My heart fluttered like a bird just caught; and it was with the greatest difficulty, that I could prevent my companions from seeing the agitation I was in. Could I divine that she was immediately to take possession of my whole soul—that I was to have no thought independent of her image? It was too true.

I saw her accidentally at a riding school, having sauntered in one morning with a young man whose sister was learning to ride—by the way, he intended this sister for me, I could see it in all his manœuvres. Miss Fielding would have been singled out of a thousand, for her beauty, grace and dignity, and she never lost the recollection that she was in public. I examined her, at first, critically, but I could discover no fault, and I thought Woolley's praise fell far short of the truth. Her eyes were large, of a deep blue and beautifully set,—the very eyes to love and be loved, full of intelligence, modesty and dignity, and yet, there was now and then, a glance or two which indicated haughtiness, a sort of *Noli me tangere* look, which kept off all those who were disposed to approach her, from the sweetness of its general appearance.

Her nose and mouth were exquisitely formed, and I never before understood what was meant by a noble brow. In short, she was the most perfect creature my eyes ever beheld; her figure, air, and manner all corresponded—all was in harmony. The fashion then was to wear very short dresses; and, of course, feet and ankles were as much seen as face and hands; but Miss Fielding made no display, although by mere accident, I saw the prettiest shape foot in the world. Thank Heaven! I did not see her ankles. As to her hand, it was peerless. I saw *that* several times, for her glove was off, as she was untying a knot in the strings of her friend's bonnet.

There was nothing studied either in what she said or did, but every moment was bewitching. There were beauty and loveliness enough to set a man frantic, who had no hopes of winning her; and, that my chance was small, I could infer from the dismal, desponding feelings, which were fast creeping over me. Hitherto, it was a sort of *veni vidi, vici* affair, when I undertook to love, and I scarcely ever had a doubt; but, alas, I felt that I had never truly loved, or doubts would have arisen. What an ill-looking fellow I had all at once become! I looked around, and saw a dozen who appeared infinitely more worthy of her than myself, if good looks were the criterion; and, as this was the first time in my life that my heart was truly touched, so it was the first time, that I ever knew what the pang was of being humbled.

She did not ride; I thanked heaven for *that* too. She disliked the display of it in public, not only that it attracted notice from its singularity, but that it was a dangerous exercise in consequence of the preposterous length of the dress. She had, when in the country, broken through the ill-contrived fashion, and wore a dress of ordinary length, so arranged, as that neither the wind nor swift motion disturbed it. Why do not rich and fashionable women, with the power in their own hands, act in a sane and prudent way? If they *are* the leaders in matters of dress and taste, why must they do outrage to all a woman's feelings? Women, who are not firm enough to be independent, would follow the steps of those they look up to, as well in a modest feminine way, as in the present reckless style. Miss Fielding had just *come out*, as the phrase is, and I saw at once, that she would be a glorious example to her sex, who were already watching her eye.

Of course, I did not see her ride, yet, though I knew her objections, there was neither word nor look that implied a censure on those who were pacing or galloping round the ring. On the whole, I was rejoiced that this opportunity occurred, as I could watch her motions unobserved, and at my ease—at my ease! —alas, no, I foolishly thought so at first, but I was soon in too great a tumult to analyze.

As far as I recollect, but all was a misty confusion, there were many eyes watching her also—and I felt assured that many hearts were doing painful homage to her charms. There was no hesitation in yielding the palm of beauty to her. No one ventured to criticise; there was not a whisper of fault; and, what was best of all, there did not appear to be the slightest envy. The beauty of person and mind were therefore yielded to her at once, but the men thought her cold and haughty, and the girls thought her disobliging—how glad I was to hear this. "I dote upon her *one* day," said a pretty girl near me, "and on the next, I am frozen up; so I shall fear to get introduced to her."

"Just look at her," said my enamoured friend, Headley: "she has quietly moved away from those young men who were getting too near her. It is more than I would dare to do, either in her own house, or in public—She hates a crowd, and I can see by her uneasy manner, that she wants to go away. I will answer for it, she is never seen *here* again. Look at Miss Foley; she has jumped from her horse and is surrounded by a dozen idle fellows already. Only hear how they all chatter. They would not venture on such gabble as that with Miss Fielding; and yet, she is very cheerful, and is the first to promote rational pleasure. Miss Foley is what you may call a rattle, and will dance and waltz and ride six days out of seven without fatigue of body or scruple of mind."

"Does Miss Fielding waltz?" said I.

"Yes," said Headley, "delightfully; but never with men. This, I think, is carrying the matter too far—and yet, putting myself out of the question, for I believe I only thought of my own disappointment—to confess the truth, I should not like to see a sister of mine waltzing with such impudent fellows as you and I are."

"Is she good-tempered?"

"Do not stare at her so, man. There—now, you have done for yourself; she has beckoned to her friends and they are all moving off. I wish you had kept your eyes to yourself."

I hurried out, just in time to see her get in the carriage, and when the door closed, it seemed that sunshine and happiness had left me forever. I felt enough to convince me that this was not to be old Cæsar's short-hand way of managing things, but a regular, steep, up-hill struggle, with scarcely a foot-hold or a bramble to keep me up—There was—I knew and felt it, I saw it in long perspective—uncertainty, perplexity, a tedious pilgrimage, and perhaps I would not be allowed to worship at the shrine after all.

"Well," said Headley, as I stood gazing after the carriage in this moody state of mind, "have you come to any definite conclusion? have you resolved to break a lance with me and try your fortune with this paragon of woman?—for, I see the charm works."

I started, finding how foolish all this must have appeared to a looker-on; so I forced myself to laugh and talk of other matters, and finally succeeded in gathering up my stray thoughts. "Pray, Headley," said I, "do you know Miss Fanny Fielding, this peerless lady's cousin? what kind of girl is she?"

The young man fairly shouted out. "What," said he, "do you think there is no chance with the rich cousin, that you inquire so earnestly about the poor one? Indeed, you will have no difficulty there. Fanny Fielding will snap at you in a moment. As to beauty—yes—she may be called pretty, and her complexion is certainly fine, at times, too; her eyes resemble those of her gifted cousin, but you cannot hope to see two such magnificent looking creatures in one family."

"No, I do not suppose it possible," said I, "but still Fanny may be handsome."

"Well, some people *do* call her handsome; but I do not. She belongs to all the begging societies in the city—*female* begging societies—and of course, all the young men shun her. Some one wanted to introduce me to her; but I refused, as she expects her visiters to buy some of the trash that she is constantly making for these societies. I have often seen her. She has that sort of pinched up look and hard manner, which women acquire who are regularly trained to the business. As I live, there she comes. Come away, Percy; for she knows several of the young fellows here, and she would just as readily ask us for money for one of her societies, as if she were introduced to us—and Jack Oldham would take pleasure in introducing her. Let us be off, for if she gets hold of you, nothing less than a hundred dollars would satisfy her."

I was dragged away, although I had a great desire to see the lady of whom Sophia had spoken so warmly; but Headley's account of her, really astonished me; for, neither James nor his wife hinted at this: yet *he* surely would have done so, if it were so glaring a fact as Headley represented. Of course, no one will be surprised that sleeping or waking, I thought only of the beautiful Frances, and her power over me became absolute. My cousins staid in the country a longer time than I expected, and my impatience was beyond all bounds.

CHAPTER II.

At length the Woolleys came, and I could scarcely wait to hear their praises of the house and furniture. The very next day, they took me to the lady's house; and, from that hour, I lost my personal and mental identity. Walter Percy,—as I formerly considered this young gentleman,—was no more; and I had not made up my mind what I now was—I never in fact thought of myself.

My ingenuity was forever on the rack, to devise plans by which I could see her daily. I went about as in a dream, shunning every body, lest they might be in the way at a moment when I could get access to her. She was a superb creature, see her when and where I would; but she showed to most advantage, when in her own house. It was there, that I felt the full force of her character and talent, in the natural and suitable way, exactly to suit my nice notions. I discovered that she understood several languages, and that her reading was far more extensive than mine—I sighed over the time that I had wasted.

But Miss Fielding was not accessible at all times, particularly to the young men, who, from their standing in the world, might claim the privilege of visiting her. She was often cold and inattentive, and I fared no better than the rest. It could not be said, with all my boasted pretensions, and my wealth, that I was more favored than any of those who were less eligible,—although, from her intimacy with my cousins, it might be considered that I had additional claims. Nay, I was never permitted to see her in the evening, because it was not customary to allow young men to visit the family circle in a familiar manner, and she gave no evening parties.

I called there one morning; and, to my surprise, she was alone. How this happened I could not tell; for, when her door was open to receive visiters, her rooms were crowded. Her manner to me was polite, but freezingly cold, and I felt uncomfortably enough, though I tried to appear at ease. An Italian book lay on the table near me; and, on commenting upon it, I spoke in Italian; but though she understood the language and could converse freely in it, she answered me in English, thus checking all attempts at familiarity. She made no display herself, nor did she tolerate it in others; yet, strange to say, reserved as she was, my respect and love for her increased.

A note was brought to her, and I observed that she blushed deeply while reading it; and I thought she was agitated. After a few seconds, she recovered her composure, and observed, carelessly, that it was from her cousin; and, to my surprise, she asked me if I had ever seen her. I told her that I had not, but that Mrs. Woolley promised me the pleasure. "Well," said she, smiling, and yet blushing at the same time, "you shall soon see her; we are so very different in our ways, that we are not together so often as I could wish. She never *sees* company in the morning, for that is her time to transact her business; and it is of such a nature as to occupy much of her time. Now, I find it more convenient at this present time, to attend to my affairs in the evening; particularly so that time suits Mr. Woolley best. My cousin, on the contrary, is at leisure in the evening, so if you have a desire to become acquainted with her, I will break through *my* rule and call there some evening, or break through *her* rule, and call there in the morning, should you like to accompany me."

Should I like to accompany her! I was too much taken by surprise to answer immediately, and she haughtily drew up her beautiful head. "I understood from Mrs. Woolley," said she, "that you were very desirous for an introduction to my cousin; I beg your pardon ——"

I hastened to undeceive her, and earnestly begged for the honor of attending her at any time, telling her that my confusion arose from the recollection of a conversation that occurred a few mornings before.

"Did it relate to my cousin?" said she, looking as cold as possible.

"Miss Fielding was passing at the moment," said I, "but not near enough to distinguish her features, particularly as her veil was down. I was very desirous of knowing whether she resembles you. It was Mr. Headley who spoke of her; and he would not allow that there was anything more than a slight family resemblance. Is she thought to look like you?"

This was the first approach towards familiarity that I had ever attempted; it was graciously received.

"Why, yes" said she, "I think she does look like me, perhaps more than cousins generally do. She is of my height, with hair and eyes of the same color as mine, and her forehead is thought to be exactly like mine, as well as the contour of her face; altogether, we *are* alike certainly. But, Mr. Percival, she is my superior in many respects; she does not waste her precious time in idle conversation with idle people, as I am frequently forced to do—nay, you must not include yourself in this remark; the Woolleys"—and her neck, face and forehead were in a beautiful glow—"the Woolleys do not consider you as an idler. It appears to me, however, that young men of great wealth and talent should distinguish themselves in some way or other, in some useful way I mean; do you not think so? Many a good mind has gone to wreck from not having profitable occupation."

And this was all! this was all the good that could be said of me, "that I was not an idler!" I was humbled enough, and the bewitching creature saw it too.

"Do you know, Mr. Percival," said she, "that you got in this morning by accident? Oh, pray sit down and look less angry and mortified. I will explain the thing to you. I am to have a few friends to dine with me to-day; and in consequence, gave orders to be denied this morning. Brooks, whose business it is to attend to these calls, was absent for a few moments, and the waiter, not knowing my orders, admitted you. Do me the favor of dining here. I shall have about a dozen friends."

Of course I was only too much gratified, and bowed my acknowledgment of the honor.

"Will you amuse yourself with looking at these prints, or will you take your leave? I have letters to write to people in England, and the vessel sails to-morrow. I dine at four."

I left her at once—so cool—so collected—so perfectly master of her thoughts, and I submitting to it all like the veriest slave! I went to the Woolleys to give vent to my spleen and vexation. Sophia laughed, and James qualified; but I was in no humor to be laughed or reasoned out of my pettish fancies.

"Upon my word," said Woolley, at length, finding that I had worked myself into a fit of strong excitement, "you are the most unreasonable man I ever saw. Did you expect she would fall in love with you at first sight? You have done wonders already; —what! asked to dine there, and on such a short acquaintance too. You have yet to learn, my dear Walter, that women, especially those who are young, beautiful, talented and rich, are not so prone to accept a lover at the first offer, be he ever so gifted."

"I have no desire that she should fall in love with me, as you say; but I think that a man with some pretensions, having such warm friends, too, as you both are, to say a good word for me, ought to be treated with more—that is—in short, I am a fool and there is the end of it. I can perceive that there is no hope of an introduction to her cousin through *her* means. I saw that at a glance, from the peculiar little toss of her head—there will be no condescension of *that* kind from her."

"Why, Walter," said Sophia, "who could imagine that a trifle of this kind would nettle you so much? Did not I tell you that Miss Frances was a high dame, cold and haughty, with all her beauty and talents?"

"Yes, you spoke rather disparagingly, and on the whole, I think more highly of her than you do. What a sweet-toned voice she has, an educated, well-modulated voice! I think you scarcely do her justice. You led me into an error, too, respecting her cousin Fanny, *your* favorite. Your praise of *her* was quite as unwarrantable as your dispraise of Miss Fielding."

"Pray, why do you suppose that Fanny is not the perfect creature I represent her to be? You have never seen her."

"No, but Jack Headley says that she has—as he expresses it—a pinched up, mean expression of face; that she is a society beggar; and that she occupies all her time and thoughts in procuring funds for the young men who are to be educated for the ministry, as if they could not labor for themselves. Is not this, in truth, her character and business?"

"Her *sole* business? No, not exactly. My dear husband, what *are* you laughing at? you are wondrous merry, considering that you have not dined. Business? what is Fanny's character? I do not think that her affairs need be canvassed by any one, seeing she troubles them not. For a young woman without a family, her time is well employed; though I must say, I should prefer that she worked for her own sex, such as really want assistance. I think with my husband and other sensible people, that these young men would be more respectable, if they supported themselves. Why, here is my dear husband; he wrote in an office six hours every day for three years, just to get money enough to pay his board, and see how many physicians of eminence have taught school to defray their expenses while studying, and in fact, after they were admitted to practice. I blame Fanny for this, as it is a mistaken charity; but you are wrong in imagining, that this is her sole occupation. She works for the poor, also; and if she had money to give away, she would prefer that mode of charity to all others; but she has not enough. Indeed, all her income proceeds from her cousin, who is a dear, generous creature, that I must own. Why, she allows Fanny five hundred dollars a year, and a pretty house and garden. Fanny and aunt Barry, as they call her, live very comfortably on this income."

"What," said I, "only five hundred dollars a year? That is a very small sum."

"You should recollect that Miss Fielding has a number of people dependent on her. As to Fanny, I shall say nothing more in her favor, until you see her. Jack Headley has never seen her in her own house; and, as to her laying her visiters under contribution, that is one of his fables. Young men, who do not like to give their money for charitable purposes, are very apt to turn women into ridicule. If *they* would attend to such matters, women would not go about begging for money."

"Come, Sophia," said James, "you have said enough. Walter is quite cooled down from the boiling—take him and see your favorite—go this evening: she keeps early hours, and the contrast between the cousins will be more perceptible, if he sees them both in the same day."

"No, no; not this evening, for he is to dine out, you know, and such a dinner party with all his excitable feelings, will unfit him for anything else. Besides, Fanny is really engaged."

"Well, to-morrow let it be. We are to go to a party at Mrs. Stanley's, but we can see Fanny before we go. Walter, you go to the Stanleys, do you not?"

"Yes, for Miss Fielding is to be there. I was fool enough to ask her hand for the first dance, but she gave me to understand that she was engaged for as many dances, as she thought would suit her, and all this she dealt out to me as if she had been Queen Victoria. Pray, James, is she never off the stilts?"

"Oh, scandalous! how you run on, Walter. Much as I prefer Fanny, I cannot bear to hear you speak thus of Frances—only think, if she were to hear you talk in this manner—why, my dear husband, what ails you? You are smothering a laugh, and you act like one demented."

"I am laughing at my good luck, for Miss Fielding has made me agent of all her estates. So what with that, and the agency of our good cousin here, we are now quite independent."

"Yes, but, dear, you are not apt to laugh out in such style at a piece of good luck. If you go on in this manner, we shall leave you behind, when we call on Fanny."

James promised to keep his joy within bounds; and I promised to go with them; for, it was a matter of perfect indifference where I went, or what I did, when out of the sight of my divinity. I hastened to my lodgings to prepare for four o'clock. It was a mild, bright day, and every thing within and without, took its hue from the warm sunshine. I made my appearance at Miss Fielding's in a much happier temper of mind than I left her in the morning.

She received me coldly; so coldly, that I began to consider whether I could not, by some possibility, have made a mistake in supposing that I was invited. All the attentions that could be spared from her distinguished guests, were lavished upon one of the most consummate fops in town; a fellow without a particle of brains and scarcely tolerated, though rich and well-born. He kept up a constant clatter about cameos, studios, billiards and the best kind of black satin stocks; and there this peerless, gifted creature stood listening to all this nonsense, sympathising with the ape, because he dreaded that those villainous stocks would grow out of fashion.

I therefore took my seat—the farthest from her too, she having assigned the place to me—with a ruined appetite, and a bitter spirit, losing an excellent opportunity of conversing with a very sensible man on one side, and a very charming woman on the other, the wife of a foreign minister. Miss Leston was near me, too; and she had one of the sweetest and most gentle voices in the world. Her singing was very fine too; and, until I saw Miss Fielding, I had half a mind to fall in love with her.

Yet ill at ease as I was, no one could help acknowledging that Miss Fielding presided with ease and dignity; of course, she was an object of profound admiration to all who were present: even the foolish fop never took his eyes from her, although his bald chit chat was addressed to his neighbor.

"How long have you known Miss Fielding?" said I, as he took his seat next to me, when we went in the drawing-room.

"I saw her yesterday or the day before for the first time. I am but just beginning to live; I fancy we shall be very intimate. You see how I am distinguished already, invited to a select party, and all my little nothings received so graciously."

My indignation was too great for speech. What! this silly prate-a-pace, this nothing, to be on such familiar terms with one of the most reserved and haughty women in the world, slighting, nay, entirely overlooking me? I who was, vanity apart, so infinitely his superior, and more on an equality with herself! It was not to be borne any longer. Highly exasperated, I approached her to make my bow, pleading an engagement for retiring so early. But see what poor imbeciles we lovers are; in one moment, her look—one glance of her eye, disarmed me.

"You are not going, Mr. Percival?" said she, in a calm, quiet, yet decided manner. "You are a fine judge of music, I hear, and you must pronounce judgment on my new piano; we shall go to the music room presently."

Surely, there was nothing in this speech to elate me; but I was elated. We took coffee, and then repaired to the music-room; whilst I, poor silly fellow, thought no more of my engagement, for I really had one, though not of much importance. Presently, Miss Leston was at the piano, and though it seemed rather outré to sing so early in the evening, for it was scarcely seven, yet the young lady ventured. The voice and the piano were pronounced excellent, and Miss Leston was asked for another song; this she declined, unless it were a duett, and that some gentleman would accompany her. Miss Fielding, who was standing next to me, begged that I would oblige them, as she knew I often accompanied Mrs. Woolley; so I could not refuse, though I scarcely hoped to get through with credit.

Our performance was pronounced capital, and all were loud in expressing their pleasure, all but Miss Fielding and Mr. Mosely, who whispered several times during the song. The fellow had the impudence to fall in with us at the end of the second part, and his voice swelled out in the finale; and one of Miss Fielding's whispers was to compliment him upon the richness and fulness of his voice!

Miss Fielding should, in all courtesy, have sung first; but etiquette was laid aside, and Miss Leston was very amiable and quite willing to sing first or second. But the lady of the house was now called upon, and I raised my eyes suddenly to her face with the expectation of hearing a cold refusal. To my surprise, however, she was gracious; and, never in my life, had I been so transported. We all listened with a deep, thrilling interest, and our silence was not broken even for a minute after the song was ended.

Now, I was possessed with a new fancy, quite as tormenting, perhaps more so, than any that I had yet experienced. The vexations and bitterness of the hour had passed away, and I asked myself what claims I had to the particular attentions of such a woman, so far my superior—so far superior to every one else. What right had I to dare to love her even, much less to expect her to love in return? It was evident that she had no desire at present to change her condition; her civility to Mosely, and others of his class, arose—I could plainly see it now—from the conviction, that her friends would understand her motives; for, their utter insignificance screened her from the reproach of encouragement. To young men of talent, wealth and pretension, she was as cold as an icicle. I should not have supposed there was any thing personal in her neglect of me, but the tumult of my soul deprived me of the counsel of my understanding. So I became reconciled, as it were, to the perverseness of my destiny, resolved to love even without hope. This was misery certainly, but a gloomy kind of misery.

But whether talking or singing, whether musing or listening, the eyes of every one were riveted on her beautiful face. How she bore all this without becoming vain and overbearing, astonished me; for now, that I could reason on the subject, her coldness was a blessing. I could not perceive that this universal homage had the slightest effect upon her actions or conversation—she was artless and unaffected as a child. There was no vanity, no display, no wish to distinguish herself, although, in expressions

she was energetic, and maintained her opinions with firmness and modesty.

Has any one observed the difference in voices? The voice is as capable of education in speaking as in singing, and I wonder that this has not become a subject of discussion. There ought to be teachers of intonation in speaking, as well as of melody and harmony in singing. Miss Fielding had, by nature, a sweet silvery-toned voice, and its clear ringing remained perceptible to our senses long after the sound had ceased.

Throughout that day, what a conflict had I undergone! Mosely had laughed and chattered and shown himself to every one in the company, and every one laughed with him in return—his good humor was uninterrupted, his enjoyment complete. I had been in the same society, partaken of the same hospitalities—yet, what was the result—a series of mortifications and disappointments! It was the demon love—for to me, he was a demon which tyrannized over me, and gave a jaundiced color to all that passed. I found that I was not in the slightest degree necessary to Miss Fielding's happiness; I had not one attraction for her!

I wanted to hear her sing again. There is nothing so composing to a lover's feelings, as the voice of the lady he loves, even if she love not in return. She had sung a rich beautiful song, a bravura; but I wanted to hear a tender ballad, or one of Burns' touching Scotch songs; but those foreigners had no taste for such delicate, heart-stirring music; they admire that which dazzles and surprises. Accordingly, they supplicated for an Italian song, and one most difficult of execution. It was one which required all the skill of a Malibran to execute, and in which, at one time, she nearly failed. I trembled with apprehension, but I might have spared myself the pain, for she went through it with the greatest ease, unfalteringly. We were, as before, entranced, unable from intense delight and admiration to bestow those praises which it was so natural to give. Wonderful creature, so perfect, so graceful, so fascinating, yet so incapable of loving!

The remainder of the evening was passed by me in a confused reverie, scarcely speaking to any one excepting in monosyllables, so that the party there, no doubt, called me a dull, stupid fellow. It was time to depart, and Miss Fielding bowed us out, in the most agreeable manner, and apparently, as if she had been at the head of such an establishment all her life. I moved away with the rest of the enchanted guests, not even distinguished by a separate nod.

CHAPTER III.

"Well," said Sophia, the next morning, "what sort of a visit was it? How did you like Miss Fielding on a nearer acquaintance? is she a goddess still?"

"I had a very comfortless time, I assure you; and for my part, I cannot tell what to make of her. A man of sense, as I flatter myself to be, is of less value in her estimation than a fool. I am very much disappointed, that is all; and I doubt whether I shall ever see her again by design."

"Yes, you will call there to-morrow," said Woodley; "say the same things of her when we next meet; see her again the first opportunity; continue to be madly in love, as you are this minute; offer her your hand within a month—and perhaps—be married next spring; that is what you will do. Go with us this evening to see Fanny, and then dream of Frances; for, all this will come to pass."

"If I am silly enough to expose myself in the way you suggest, I deserve to be rejected; for most assuredly that will be the result. You both agree in thinking, that she does not believe in a disinterested attachment; but is she not aware of her great beauty, her superior talents, her great natural gifts—in short, cannot she believe that a man may love her for herself alone, for pure, intellectual worth? Why, I should worship her all the same, if she was as portionless as her cousin Fanny."

"I can scarcely tell what she thinks exactly; but she had a woful example, some disastrous ending of a love affair between two of her friends, the young man proving mercenary and breaking his engagement, when the lady lost her fortune. This happened while she was in Europe, and it has made an indelible impression. But persevere, and you will conquer at last, a few trifles must not discourage you."

"But how shall I approach her nearer? You talk of a month! Why I doubt whether a twelve month would get me as near as a smile. I wish you could have seen, how collected she was when we arose to leave her last evening. I must confess, I wanted to see a little more diffidence. There appeared to me, now that I think it over, that there was too much *display of ease*, and she hates display—out with the thought; do not remember that I said it, Sophia—she was perfect throughout, and it was only her indifference to me in particular, that makes me cynical. Perhaps I should have been better pleased, if she had shown more timidity; even some little mistakes, or awkwardness would have been more agreeable to my feelings; and yet, what a fool I am to be thus contradicting myself. I wanted to see a perfect woman, and here is one; yet I am finding fault."

"Now, Walter," said Sophia, "drive all this out of your head, and give all your thoughts to Fanny; remember, we go there at seven, and only stay half an hour."

"Drive Miss Fielding out of my head! How can I do that, when she is fixed so firmly in my heart! That I admire her, is too cold a word; she has bewitched me, I think."

At seven, I was at the Woodleys'; and we proceeded to the house of Miss Fanny Fielding. On the way there, I again referred to what I had heard concerning her fondness for societies, and I begged Sophia not to turn the conversation that way, lest, in a fit of absence, I might say something to hurt the lady's feelings.

"I never heard the like in my life," said my cousin; "what if she does work for the poor, is it a crime in your eyes to be charitable? Oh, James, stop laughing, will you. Pray, has any one else made you so agent that you are so merry?"

"No, but I am so much amused with Walter. How you can refrain from laughing at his rhapsodies and his queer notions of Fanny, I cannot tell—Here we are."

We were shown into a little dingy, stingy looking parlor, by an elderly lady in an old-fashioned cap. She was sitting at a table, sewing, it appeared to me by the light of one tallow candle, and in the corner, close by the fire, sat Miss Fanny Fielding.

The introduction on my part, was not without embarrassment. Two things conspired to create the confusion in my mind; one was the frequent conversations we had about the young lady, and the other was the strong likeness to her cousin. The outline of her face, as Miss Fielding stated, if I could judge by the dim light of the tallow candle, was exceedingly like hers; but in many other respects there was a marked difference. The hair was darker, and hung over her face in one mass of ringlets; and Sophia asked me, in a whisper, "if it was not beautiful." Her dress was a plain dark silk, and she wore over it, a black silk apron, with large pockets, which appeared to be well filled—full of pin-cushions and watch-guards, I presumed. A large white muslin cross-barred cape so nearly covered her bust, that I could not tell whether it were fine or not; and to crown all, she had on a pair of thick common looking gloves with the ends of the fingers cut off!

Miss Fielding was always elegantly dressed; and her hair, of which she had great profusion, was braided across her polished forehead, with the utmost neatness and simplicity, and put up behind with exquisite skill, varying every few days, and yet always beautiful. She never wore gloves in the house; I had therefore the delight of seeing her charming and delicately shaped hands; they were perfect as to form, and as white as possible. On the back of the right hand, near the little finger, were three black moles, contrasting most beautifully with the brilliant whiteness of the skin. Her cousin Fanny might have hands equally perfect, but they were shrouded in those odious gloves. If I detested any thing thoroughly, it was cropped or truncated gloves. In the present instance, it was an emblem of the impoverished thrift of her occupation.

But prejudiced as I was, against the poor girl, I could not help perceiving that Headley must have had his impressions of her, second hand. It was some unwilling giver of cents, who had so misrepresented her; for I saw nothing of that pinched-up expression and hard manner. On the contrary, her voice struck me—she spoke low, however—as being so very soft and musical; there was such gentleness, so confiding and persuasive, that if she had at any moment asked for the whole contents of my purse, for some charitable mission to the moon even, she should have had it in welcome.

Then her eyes! I never could have resisted an appeal from those eyes, only seen in timid, momentary glances when her conversation was necessarily directed to me. Miss Fielding's eyes were as beautiful as eyes could be, and full of the fire of genius; but there was such ease of manner, such self-possession, that the charm of timidity did not belong to them; and her voice, though truly feminine, silvery and sweet, had not those tender touches, sinking so deep in the heart, as her humble cousin's! The delicate, confiding tones of Fanny's voice, I never forgot. Her cousin's voice, always rich and melodious, was heard distinctly, and never faltered; but Fanny seemed afraid to trust the sound of her's to the neighbor; and I observed, that she had to clear her throat almost every time when she spoke—she a beggar!

The room was very plainly furnished. How different from the magnificence of the richer cousin! Five hundred dollars a year was a mere pittance, when the great income of Miss Fielding was considered; Mr. Woodley said it was from sixty to seventy thousand dollars a year. Sophia thought that five hundred dollars a year and the house rent free, was a generous gift; now that I had seen the lady, I pronounced it niggardly.

What a singular feeling came over me, while looking at this innocent girl! Even the odious occupation of begging for money, had not injured the simplicity of her character. When I heard one of the softest and gentlest voices in the world, accompanied always with a blush, utter sentiments in which a critical ear and taste could not detect a fault, censured her cousin for not sharing her fortune with her. But when I thus brought Miss Fielding's image before me, I could see nothing to condemn, but her indifference to me. She appeared, as she was in reality, a beautiful wonderful creature,—her features bright with intelligence—her spirit buoyant with the freshness of youth—and her conversation and manners full of wit and sense.

When I had thus conjured up her brilliant image, and recollected the loveliness of her temper, and the dignity and rectitude of her bearing, it was sinful to suppose she could be unjust.

It was now past eight o'clock, and I became impatient to go; for we had to dress for Mrs. Stanley's ball; so I privately showed my watch to Sophia. We arose, and the stiffness of the meeting seemed to wear off while standing. There was more ease and a fuller flow of conversation, than at any time during the visit. Woodley was chatting and laughing out, a very uncommon thing for him, when in company. Sophia lingered with more last words, and Fanny took courage, once, to look in my face, while asking Woodley a question.

"Well, Fanny, love," said Sophia, "when shall we see you again? will you come to our house to-morrow evening?"

"I would, with the greatest pleasure," said this voice of music, "but aunt Barry has a cold, and dares not go out in the evening. She would feel too lonely if I left her behind, so I must stay at home; but come here when you can."

"Oh, we shall hinder you, I fear," said Woodley; "your workbasket has been laid aside and that will get you out of credit with your lady President, as I think you call her."

"Never mind him, my dear Fanny," said my good natured cousin; "we shall be here again very soon, depend upon it. As to James, he is all fun and frolic of late, having now such an addition to his income. While he is engaged with Miss Fielding, Mr. Percival and I will come round and talk with you and aunt Barry."

Fanny blushed and bowed, and so we parted—hurrying home to dress, and in the midst of it all, perplexing myself with the striking likeness between the cousins. Then came the mixing up of what Jack Headley told me, and what I had seen myself, and do what I would, there, before me, was Fanny the hard-featured society beggar, and Fanny, the timid shrinking girl, with whom I had just parted.

It was nearly ten o'clock, when I entered Mrs. Stanley's rooms; there was a large and brilliant assembly and a blaze of light. Of course, I looked around for Miss Fielding, and although prepared for it, I was vexed at heart to see Mosely leading her up to the first cotillion. Her dancing was just what I expected, graceful and animated. When the dance was over, I followed her to the sofa in the vain hope of engaging her for the dance—"it was not in her power," she said, "as she was engaged for the whole evening."

I told her, that I had that evening been introduced to Miss Fanny Fielding. She looked at me with frigid indifference, and asked "if she and her cousin were so much alike as had been represented."

"No, you are not," said I; "at first I saw the resemblance very strongly, but towards the end of the visit, it disappeared."

"But, Mr. Percival, our eyes and hair are alike, and our height corresponds; these could not have changed during the interview."

"I do not think either the eyes or hair are of the same color; your cousin's are darker; and as to height, I cannot judge, as she stood up only a few moments. I should not, however, suppose she was so tall."

"But our voices are alike?"

"Not at all, not the least alike, although every now and then a particular intonation startled me. I have heard the voices of more distant relationship still more alike. She is a beautiful woman, but I should think that a braid would become her better than curls; yet they suit her style of face too."

This was all the conversation that passed, for her partner claimed her hand, and there was nothing half so inviting as to watch her graceful movements through the dance.

As this was a splendid ball,—the coming-out of Mrs. Stanley's daughter, all the ladies were beautifully dressed. Miss Fielding, however, was said to be dressed in the best taste, and there was no hesitation in pronouncing her the handsomest woman there. Her diamonds were brilliant, but not large. How I wished I were at liberty to place a very superb diamond of mine, in the little cluster which rested on her polished forehead. But miserable fellow that I was, there would be no hope ever to see it there. I had the pain of knowing, that I never occupied her thoughts beyond the moment she was speaking to me. I had not even the good fortune to hand her to the carriage, being anticipated, while musing, by that officious fellow Mosely.

As Woodley predicted, I was at her door the next day, but he did not get in—she was engaged. My cousins were not at home; and of course, I did not see Fanny in the evening, for they did not return till late. I lounged about, tried to read but could not, and went to bed at ten, thinking myself an ill-used unhappy man.

A drunken man—just drunk enough to know his situation—puts on a look of solemn gravity to disguise himself. A man in love, as I was, and foolishly *fired*, as was my case, has as great a dislike as the drunkard, to let others see the mortified, scattered and deranged state of his intellects. I cannot, now, help laughing of the trouble it cost me to assume a calm and careless air. Woodley said it was frightful, and advised me rather to get up a pensive cast of countenance, as my eye and other features were not in good keeping with the character I thought proper to assume.

I should have despaired, had it not been for my cousin James. "See her as often as possible," said he, "and she will get accustomed to you; your devotion will remove her coldness, and a knowledge of your character will remove her scruples. She knows that your principles are good, and that wealth and a perfect freedom from restraint have not rendered you a profligate. I know that she is daily in the habit of hearing your character contrasted with others, and never has it been coupled with a sneer or a doubt."

"But she suffers Joe Waterford and Philip Mosely—the first a simpleton, and the other an arrant coxcomb—to be on an easy footing with her."

"Yes, she does; but recollect that there is not a single doubtful character among her visitors; no dissipated heartless creature, be he ever so rich or talented, gets admittance to her. You never see Mr. ——, or Mr. —— there; they called, but Brooks knew them and had orders not to let them in. If all women would act as Miss Fielding has done, there would not be so many heartless profligates in the world. Women have a great deal in their power, if they would exercise it. You see that women in general, among the fashionable classes, admit such men to their parties quite as freely as if they were exemplary husbands. Miss Fielding is right; she sees no difference between a man's perjuring himself—which he does by breaking the oath he took at the altar—in this way, or in a court of justice. But this arises from the fact, that men themselves are very lenient when one of their fraternity goes off with his friend's wife; whereas, if he perjured himself at an election, he would lose caste entirely."

"Yes, that is true; and I honor Miss Fielding for taking so noble a stand. A woman like her, rich, and perfectly mistress of her own actions, can dare to do good or evil with impunity. Our fashionable girls are aware of this, and prefer to do evil; they absolutely redouble their attentions to a man who has acted basely with regard to a woman: and if he happen to be a married man, they say among one another, that they 'do not wonder at his loving another woman, for his wife was such a stupid ugly thing.'"

"Well, I am glad that you see the thing in this light, Walter; your respect for Miss Fielding will increase in consequence."

"And Fanny?" said I, "how does it happen that she is not annoyed by the visits of the idle and unprincipled young fellows about town? for, she is beautiful and fascinating."

"Fanny *never* sees visitors of this description; her situation in life is too humble. She is only known among them as a young woman belonging to charitable institutions; and as all profligate men are mean and selfish, they shun her as they would pestilence. A married man who keeps two establishments, or a young roué, who purchases the society of a poor, weak, ruined beauty, cannot afford to bestow a few shillings to keep an *honest* woman from starving. As to our Fanny, in particular, I tell you that she *never* begs for money, her charities are the labors of her own hands; and Miss Fielding gives her large sums to distribute among the poor, much more than Fanny could get, if she laid every young man in town under contribution."

"I am glad to hear that so near a connexion of Miss Fielding is so worthy of her; but I think it a stigma upon her character to allow of such constant visits from those two weak young men, Waterford and Mosely."

"My dear Walter, they are not men of bright parts, to be sure, but they observe all the rules and decencies of society. They are rich and have nothing to do but amuse themselves. Still, they have an honest pride of character; and a woman's is safe under their protection. Headley is a little brighter in point of intellectual capacity, but he does not pay a strict regard to truth; yet his falsehoods are not of a dangerous character. For instance, he did not see Fanny Fielding on the day you first saw her cousin, but he wanted to talk and it mattered not what the subject was."

"I have heard many of those heartless, selfish young men turn Joe Waterford and Phil Mosely into ridicule, for what they term *want of spirit*; but we shall see who will be the most respectable at the age of forty. I need not say all this to you, for your tastes and habits place you above such paltry feelings. I began by encouraging you to persevere, and to assure you that Miss Fielding does not class you with the dissolute, dissipated young men about town; if she did, you would never enter her doors. Believe me, she is only distrustful. No woman, gifted as she is, both personally and naturally, and so rich withal, can doubt her claims to universal admiration; her fear is that she may be deceived, and fall a victim to some heartless creature who will win her affections for the sake of these worldly advantages, and my dear Walter, you appear to me to be possessed of the same fears."

"You and Sophia think I have those fears, but I am not aware of it. As it respects Miss Fielding, I cannot deny that my respect for her has increased by what you say. There are moments, however, when I am not so sure that she is exactly the woman I should have selected for a wife, had I known her character before I fell so madly in love. I have cold fits at intervals, and more frequently since I saw her cousin. I now fancy that her manner is not natural, and that the charm of diffidence, tenderness, devotedness, does not belong to her nature. I do not agree with you in thinking that when she does love, her affections will have all the ardor and romance that I require."

"Well," said Woodley, pettishly, "if that is your opinion, go to her cousin. Fanny will come up to all your ideas of romance. She is diffident, tender and devoted enough for a higher toned lover even than you. As to Frances, I tell you now what I have told you from the first, that she is a perfect woman both in mind, person, and feminine affections. I do not deny this praise to Fanny; only that there is a loftiness of character in Frances that I never saw equalled. Do you think Fanny so handsome as her cousin?"

"I could not judge well, by the light of a single candle; but her blushes became her, and her manner certainly was modest and graceful. Why, in the name of goodness, does she wear those horrible gloves? They are absolutely disgusting, and they look as if they had been worn a long time; very probably a cast off pair of Miss Fielding's; and now that I have worked up my mind to bring all this to light, for I assure you, I have let it discompose me greatly, I must further insist upon it, that Miss Fielding shows a mean spirit in allowing her lovely cousin to live in such a pitiful way—only look at her small income!"

"Small, do you call it? why, when we married, Sophia and I should have felt more than grateful for such an income. You forget that the house and furniture is her gift likewise, and that aunt Barry has an allowance of three hundred dollars a year."

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

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☞ E. Hunt, of Republican, Oneida county, New York, is duly authorised to act as Agent for this paper, and for Graham's Magazine, and the World of Fashion.

THE REIGN OF TERROR.

A fearful picture of the worst period of the Reign of Terror, will be found in the Ninth Lecture on the French Revolution, published in our columns of to-day. Numerous anecdotes of deep interest are related, and the daily statistics of the guillotine are curious; so also are the modes of examination before the dread Revolutionary Tribunal. We are pleased that our lecturer has continued the religious portion of his subject, and presented his audience with a sketch of Robespierre's speech in favor of the Supreme Being, and the singular events connected with the decree, in which the Convention *condescended* to acknowledge that "*there is a God!*" Thus the Pagan idolatry of the Goddesses of Reason, was completely overthrown.

OUR WEEKLY CHAT.

In the columns of this day's paper will be found the annual message of the Executive of the United States. The presence of that document affords a palpable reason for any deficiency in variety which may be noted. However, in a country where all the citizens have a voice in its government, no apology is necessary for the publication of an important state paper; while some excuse would certainly be due to our readers did we withhold it.

The message opens with the congratulations which we are accustomed to receive from the Executive in his annual communication to Congress. The late treaty with Great Britain is next noticed; and from that the President proceeds to point out the necessity and importance of an early adjustment of the jarring claims of the two nations to portions of the Oregon Territory. While the President regrets that this point could not have been included in the treaty, he says that it became manifest, at an early period in the negotiations, that "any attempt for the time being" satisfactorily to arrange the Oregon dispute, might have led to a protracted discussion, and endangered the failure of more pressing matters. He considers the present a good time to cement the peace and unity of the two countries, by wisely removing all grounds of probable future collision.

The other foreign relations are spoken of as on the most amicable footing. The recent despatches of the minister to Mexico are referred to, as "favorable to a just satisfaction of the award (of the commission) and a reasonable provision for other claims." After noticing the condition of the relations of the United States with the other American nations, Mr. Tyler next passes to the state of the Treasury. There will be in January next an actual deficiency of one million, but an apparent balance on hand of about $200,000.

In the Tariff Mr. Tyler thinks a modification necessary, and that it is his duty to "recommend moderate duties, imposed with a wise discrimination as to their several objects, as being not only most likely to be durable, but most advantageous to every interest of society." He strongly, in this connexion recommends the Warehousing System, employing similar arguments in its favor to those which are embodied in the memorials about to be presented to Congress by our merchants.

The reports of the departments give favorable views of the interests committed to their respective charges. The establishment of means of inland communication with the Pacific, and certain improvements on the Western Waters are urged upon the attention of Congress. For the Navy an appropriation of a million more than at present is asked, but this includes $50,000, for arrearages, and $250,000 for the African squadron. It is proposed to keep forty-one vessels in commission, instead of twenty-five, the present number, and to build twelve small ships.

Of the Post-office Department, it is sufficient to say that its expenses have at last actually been brought within its income.

The rest of the Message, it will be observed, is principally taken up with a re-urging upon the attention of Congress of the Exchequer scheme presented to Congress at the beginning of the last Session. The President builds most sanguine expectations upon it, if it is adopted; not only promising himself that it will do all that has been asked of such an institution for the public, but that it will remove the necessity for negotiating any loan.

Another prominent news topic of our sheet to-day is the foreign intelligence—interesting, but not of much importance, except in the news from India. We have, however, no space for comment to-day. The ship brought $400,000 in specie, a fact which had its effect on foreign exchanges in New York. The general effect of the news in that city, in stocks, was favorable.

The assembly of Congress will furnish us, for a few weeks, with another standing head. That one "assembled wisdom" will do something this winter which shall make the register of their proceedings worth the while, is exceedingly probable. We have heard it said in certain quarters which should be well informed, that the leading members go to Washington this winter, with a disposition to leave party differences somewhat out of sight, and to *act* for the well being of the country. It is, however, expecting too much to suppose that any thing will be effected, in the way of business, until after the Christmas holidays, as such industry would be a departure from precedent, which is not at all likely to happen in this generation.

It is earnestly to be desired, at any rate, that there may be, in this short session, none of the outbreaks of acerbity which have rendered some previous sessions unpleasantly memorable. No gentleman ever gained in reputation or in self respect by a Congressional quarrel, whatever may have been the circumstances of it; and all owe it to their constituents and to their country so to deport themselves as to do honor to the preference which made them representatives of the people.

The long story from the Southern Literary Messenger, which is commenced to day, and will be next week concluded, will be found well worth the readers attention. While people continue to marry and be given in marriage, well-written tales turning upon the knotting of that "sacred tie," will be sought and read by old and young. The former like to read and see whether the tale-writer or novelist has given any thing like their own experience; and the latter are continually on the look-out for matter which pertains to the subject of which it is presumable that they think occasionally. Even those who are most earnest and supercilious in their denunciation of "silly love stories" are frequently detected in attentively reading them, under cover of concealment. When surprised in the fact, they protest always that they have only been looking to "see what foolish things some people amuse themselves with." Under some pretext or other every body does read novellettes—if it is only for the reason that the young woman desired to get married. "She wished," she said, "to please the children, who never saw a wedding."

MR. BIDDLE'S LETTERS.

Mr. Biddle after alluding to the fact as well known, that the State of Pennsylvania has borrowed money to pay for her public works, and then to pay the interest on the first loans, says that it is not so well known that she has actually borrowed money for her daily expenses. He states the receipts of the State for 1841 at $620,437, and the expenses, exclusive of subscriptions to private companies, not connected with public works, at $817,395—an excess of $196,-958 over receipts. He reasons that the expenses of 1842 have been not at all diminished, and proceeds to show how, in his opinion, the expenses may be brought within the income.

The Legislative expenses of 1842 were $156,071, of which over forty-two thousand dollars are for "contingencies," and over thirty-four thousand for printing. The first he would cut down to ten thousand, the second to *two*, the pay of the members to one dollar a day, and the session to sixty days, and with other reductions bring the Legislative expenses down to $29,317. He would stop all new pensions or gratuities, so as to reduce the whole, as they fall in by deaths, about one tenth, or $6000. Of the monies paid to orphan asylums, schools for the blind, the deaf and dumb, colleges, academies, and female seminaries, Mr. Biddle says—"No less than $70,000 spent upon objects quite meritorious in themselves, and worthy of patronage, if the State had the means—but really the idea of boasting that those institutions are nourished by the State, when the State has borrowed the money to pay her subscriptions, and then does not even pay the interest, is absurd." So he strikes out this item of $70,000.

He next recommends the repeal of the State grant to common schools, in 1842, $305,279; denouncing the plan under which the schools are established "as not worthy of the name of a system, being without uniformity, and without efficiency." The $5000 for the House of Refuge, and the annual sum of about $7000 for damages done by locomotives, he next wipes out, and the geological survey being nearly completed, he estimates will relieve the State from an annual tax of $10,000; and these various reductions will bring the annual expenses of the State from $817,395, down to $699,095. The revenue of the State being estimated at $620,437, this reduced scale of expenditure will leave $329,341, to be applied to the payment of the public debt.

Mr. Biddle then takes up the subject of the payment of the interest on the public debt, which is $1,964,000. He calculates the public works will yield $564,000, leaving $1,300,000. For security in calculation, he estimates the reductions we have described at $200,000. The taxes on real and personal estate already laid amount to $1,891,319, and the increase of the tax by the law of 1842, will give $456,000. In addition to these he purposes, as new taxes; on coal $750,000; a poll tax, $500,000; on tea and coffee, $300,000, and on stamps $100,000. These taxes, with the old revenue, would give the State an income of nearly four millions, over and above its current expenses, and considerably more than double the sum required to pay the interest of the public debt.

We have not space for the reasoning of Mr. Biddle, and give only his results, leaving those who would examine his letters in detail, to refer to the originals. The excess of revenue, over the interest, he would apply, first to the making of unfinished works productive, and then of course to the reduction of the public debt.

AN ESCAPE.

The Newbern, N. C. Chronicle of Nov. 30, contains a statement, which is a striking illustration of the remark that truth is stranger than fiction. About four months ago there came into Wayne county, N. C., a young man of the name of Grimsley, who formerly lived there, but who had been absent for many years. Shortly after his return, he engaged himself to a Miss Martin of that county, and their marriage was to have taken place on the 24th of last month. Four or five days previous to that time, Miss M. was making up her wedding bonnet, and requiring some paper for the lining, whilst in search of it, she found a newspaper published two years ago in Mississippi. In cutting up this paper, her eye lit upon an advertisement by the Governor of Mississippi, offering a large reward for two men charged with a murder in that State, one of them named Grimsley, and agreeing precisely in description with the man to whom she was about to be married.

That this discovery gave the young lady rather an unpleasant surprise, will readily be imagined. She immediately called her brother's attention to it, who at once called upon Grimsley for an explanation. Grimsley denied knowing any thing about it, and said he could prove that he was not in Mississippi at the time of the murder, by persons at Snow Hill, Greene county. The brother accompanied him to Snow Hill, but on their arriving there not a soul knew him. He then said that he could establish his innocence by persons living at another little village in the same county. There they also repaired, and with the like success, no one knowing any thing of him. They then returned to Waynesborough, where a warrant was issued against Grimsley, and he is now in jail at that place, awaiting the demand of the Governor of Mississippi. Since his confinement, he has acknowledged that he was present when the murder was committed, with which he is charged in the advertisement as a participant, but denies that he was engaged in it. He at first, it will be observed, denied that he was in Mississippi at the time; and his after admissions of previous falsehood make his case look very suspicious. The moral of all this is, that young ladies should not only be particular in their enquiries relative to aspirants for their hands, but should be sure to *read the newspapers*. It is part of every lady's duty to insist that the male members of families in which they reside should be liberal patrons of the printer.

THE LATE GALES.

The coast of New England and of New Jersey was visited, last week, with a tremendous gale, which caused great loss of life and property. We give below some of the most painful incidents of the storm.

The new bark Isadore, Capt. Leander Foss, belonging to Kennebunk, Me., sailed thence on Wednesday morning, 30th ult., for New Orleans, and was totally lost in the east southeast gale, same night, on Maxwell's Beach, near Cape Neddock, York, Me. Every person on board, 14 or 15 in number, perished! They were all young men belonging to Kennebunk. On the same night, the schooner James Clark, Capt. Beck, of and from St. John, N. B. via Portland, for this port, went ashore on Rye Beach, and six passengers perished. The schooner Eliza Nichol, of New Bedford, Captain Baker, went ashore on Absecom Beach, Great Egg Harbor, on Wednesday night, and three passengers and one sailor drowned. The sailor was named Warren Cole. John Henry Bowen, a young man, passenger, and a man and a child were drowned. A female passenger was taken off the wreck nearly perished, but has since recovered. On the 3d inst., the bodies of two men (one colored) were washed ashore on Brigantine Beach, Atlantic county, N. J., supposed to be part of the crew of the schooner Factory, of New York, stranded on said beach, on the 30th ult. The white man is supposed to be Eli Cary, or Cavy. The bodies of both were brought to Smithville, in said county, and decently buried in the Friends' Burying Ground, by Isaac Smith, Esq. It is understood that Mr. C. has left a wife and several children in the city of Philadelphia to mourn his loss.

Hundreds of the small vessels used in the fishing and coasting trade received injury, unaccompanied with loss of life, in the same storm, and the weather appears to have been everywhere as remarkable for cold as it was in this vicinity.

DEATH OF SHERIFF MORRIS.

Henry Morris, Esq., High Sheriff for this city and county, died suddenly on Thursday of last week between four and five o'clock. He was going from his office to the office of Wm. M. Meredith, Esq., at the time, and fell at the corner of Seventh and George streets. He was raised by two men who were sawing wood in the street, and carried in the office of the Presbyterian Board of Publication, where he expired almost immediately. The Coroner, Mr. Francis Breisford, was immediately sent for, and arrived in a few minutes. An inquest was held in the presence of Doctors Darragh, S. McClellan and B. Coates, and a verdict of death from a disease of the heart was rendered by the jury.

Mr. Morris was well known to our citizens, and eulogy upon his life and character is unnecessary to Philadelphians. He was an exemplary man in his private relations—highly beloved and respected, and as a public officer was efficient. He has a large family to lament a death, which, though sudden, came to him almost at the end of the span of three score and ten. He was in his sixty-sixth year. Mr. Morris was a son of the celebrated Robert Morris, who signed the Declaration of Independence.

THINGS DEFERRED.

Among the matters deferred by the arrival of the Message, and the anticipation of our publication, are several notices of new works, including serials from Burgess and Zieber, and quite a library of songs. The latter embraces three volumes, Patriotic, Naval, and Military, sent us by the compiler and publisher Mr. MacCarty. The collection is valuable, and appears to include almost every thing of merit, of this description which has appeared in the country. Another is the "Household Book of Select Songs" which appears to have the merit of great variety and good taste in the selection.

TO TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

It will be recollected that in the early part of this year, a State Temperance Convention was held at Harrisburg, at which it was resolved that another should convene at the same place, on the second Wednesday of January, 1843. It is time that the local societies should be moving in the work of choosing delegates, and preparing the information required. Concert of action is necessary, not only to continue the progress of the cause, but to retain the advance which has already been made.

Foreign Intelligence.

ARRIVAL OF THE COLUMBIA.

FIFTEEN DAYS LATER.

By the arrival of the steamship Columbia at Boston, we have European dates to the 19th of November. The news is of interest, particularly that from the East, received by the Overland Mail.

In the cotton trade there has been no material change since the Acadia sailed. The sales have been on a rather more extensive scale, but the tone of the market has not undergone any change worth noticing. The purchases are principally made by the trade.

In the Corn trade there has been some little improvement, but there is still great want of confidence. In London, Wakefield, and Liverpool, an opinion prevails that prices have seen their lowest point.

We have by this arrival, intelligence of the wreck of two English vessels, with the lives of nearly four hundred persons. One of these was the Reliance, East Indiaman, which went on shore, Nov. 12th, on the French coast, near Boulogne in Sur-Mer. There were one hundred and twenty-two persons on board, of whom eight or ten only were saved.

The other vessel lost was a convict ship, called the Waterloo. She was at Table Bay (Cape of Good Hope) on her way to Sydney. A frightful gale occurred on the 9th of September, and many ships were driven on shore. Among the rest was this unfortunate vessel. She went among the breakers in sight of the shore.

After two or three heavy rolls, her three masts went over the side with a dreadful crash. The hatches were now opened, and the convicts rushed on deck. The sea was now making a clean breach over her. Immediately on the convicts arriving on deck, about fifty jumped overboard; about fifteen or twenty gained the shore, and the remainder were drowned. The cries of the poor wretches on deck were now heart-breaking. Each sea, as it made a breach over the unfortunate vessel, carried a dozen or so into the water, who of course were drowned. Thousands of people were on the beach, but could not render the least assistance. Out of 330 persons on board, 250 were drowned.

Daniel O'Connell was at the Annual dinner of the Catholic Benevolent Association, in Liverpool, on the 16th November, and on the next night he was to address the "Repealers," and on the next the Free Trade Association.

Sheridan Knowles, the dramatist, is in such distress that his friends at Glasgow have instituted a public subscription for him.

Another calamity has befallen the Southampton docks, no less than the falling in of three of the walls. It will cost £25,000 to repair the damage.

Among the passengers in the Columbia was Gen. Cass.

It is said that a marriage is on the tapis between the young Earl of Leicester and one of the Ladies Lambton, daughter of the late Earl of Durham.

From the continent there is no intelligence of importance. A new opposition to the French Ministry had, it was said, been organized under Count Molé, and would act against the Ministers with the fractions of the old oppositions.

The East.

By the overland mail from India, we learn that the British forces had evacuated Candahar. They were moving from that post, and from Jellalabad, and General Pollock to retake Cabul. The latter place, it will be remembered, was the scene of the first steps in the great massacre of the British troops.

Akbar Khan is said to have been so much enraged by the report of General Pollock's advance while treaties were pending, as to murder Captain Troup with his own hand, but this obtains no credit. Another rumor worthy of mention is, that Akbar Khan had fled with all his prisoners from Cabul to Bameean, where he intended to confine them in an accessible fort nearly seventy miles distance. The cholera had made its appearance among the British troops, and many had died.

The British forces had proceeded up the Yangtse-Kiang, to the city of Shanghai, which they had taken. They destroyed the public buildings, and gave the granaries to the populace.

The Mandarins in the two most fertile provinces of China were dreadfully alarmed lest Wang-chow-Foo and Nankin should be taken and sacked, and the mouth of the Great Canal seized. They sent a flying express for a son or some other relation of Howqua, the old Hong merchant of Canton, in order to interpret between them and the English. They exhibited a wish to make terms, but whether with the object of merely gaining time, does not appear certain.

The approach of the expedition to the mouth of the Great Canal, and the dangers that threaten Nankin, would, it was thought, induce the Emperor to make an equitable arrangement, but doubts were still entertained of his being exactly informed of the truth. The efforts of the Chinese authorities to make resistance have hitherto been very great. A proclamation issued by the Emperor in the beginning of June breathes most decided hostility to the "barbarians," but does not brag of the valor of his generals and soldiers. This proclamation, it ought to be remarked, is dated prior to the attack on Shang-hai.

The Great Western is to continue her trips to New York, until she can be sold to advantage.

A TOUCHING LETTER.

We have already related in brief the circumstances attending the murder of G. W. Lore, by a mob in Alabama, who took the law into their own hands, and, as it has since appeared, hung a man for a crime of which he was entirely innocent. We have also stated that measures have been taken by the authorities of the state and of the county in which this murder by one hundred and thirty-eight men was accomplished, to bring them to justice. In the Hartford Review we find the following copy of a letter, written by poor Lore, while his murderers were preparing to consummate their purpose. He who can read it unaffected, must be of a stern and unpitying nature indeed. It should be remembered that Lore was on bail, and had returned expecting a legal trial.

Spring Hill, Nov. 3, 1842.

My dear Wife, Children, Parents, Brothers and Sisters:

I have barely time to write you a few lines. I am here, at this place; arrived on Saturday last, and the citizens arrested me, and, contrary to my expectations, will not give me another trial, but have, about a hundred of them, determined to execute me; it will be in about half an hour. This will astonish you more than any thing you ever heard or expected to hear, but nevertheless it is true. I fear not what they can do to me. I had no evil design in returning, but did not expect to be treated in the manner I am. The crime for which I am shortly to lose my life, I am innocent of. My little Emma and Elizabeth are not more innocent than I. Oh! my God, how I love those children. My wife, my poor wife, and sweet little children! God have mercy upon them, bless and protect them, and may they live and be happy, be respected and an honor to society. I would love, dearly love to live for them, and for my poor Sarah, my poor distressed father and mother, brothers and sisters. God bless them all! I shall soon have no more trouble in this world. I have lived an innocent life, and shall die with nothing to distress me but the fact of being disgraced. It will, however, be a source of satisfaction to you to be assured that I am innocent of the charge. I cannot tell you my feelings at such horrid treatment against all law and order.

But my dear parents, wife, children, brothers, sisters and relations, be not grieved at my dying thus. I had much rather die so, than live disgraced. I did not, however, expect such treatment when I returned. My dying request, my poor Sarah, is that you remain at my father's, and be happy with the children, and tell them of their poor father, and how much he loves ———. I have but a few moments more to live, but here let me beg of you to remain at my father's, and never come to a country at the hands of whose people I have received so much cruel injustice. This act of inhumanity is not unanimous even among the few who perpetrated it, and this too, right in the neighborhood where the crime was committed. The most respectable men do not sanction the course. But enough.

I got of Capt. Jarman $70, money he collected on wood, of Father's, corded in Philadelphia. He still has $500 in his possession. I spent nearly all in coming out. I have but a few dollars left. I don't know as it is necessary for me to say more. But let me beg of you in the name of God, to be proud of the course I have pursued, viz: in giving myself up to die, or as I thought, to the law, rather than be disgraced. I love you all; and would love to live among you, but I had as well die as live dishonored.

My dear father, mother, brothers and sisters, will you now be kind to my poor wife and children, and assist her in educating them, and never consent for her to return to this country to live, but remain with you? I know I need never have returned, but I preferred this course to being absent from you. My friends in Irwinton know nothing of the course my enemies have taken; indeed, I hardly have time to write. In Philadelphia, at an oyster house adjoining the tavern where the Washington steamboat starts from, I left my travelling bag; some of my clothes are in it, so you can get them. There are also some books among them. Give my love to all my relatives and friends, and tell them that I am innocent of the crime or charge. I would write to them all, but the mob will not give me time. This I write on my knee, in the road near the woods. When I left the North, I prepared myself so as not to be arrested until I arrived. Now I am about to die, and my last request is, that my remains may be taken up and carried to Cantwell's Bridge, Delaware, and there deposited along side my dear brother Giles. This I wish to be attended to as soon as convenient and agreeable. The expense will be but little, and it may be a source of some satisfaction to you.

And now may the blessings of Almighty God be and abide with all and each of you. Farewell, my dear wife, my dear children, my dear father and mother, brothers and sisters, and uncles and relatives, farewell! GEO. W. LORE.

P. S.—This is the last time you will ever receive a line from me. I write coolly, but I do so believing that I am not afraid to die. My time is out. It is 35 minutes past 2 o'clock.

General News.

DEATH OF A MEMBER OF CONGRESS.—The Hon. James Williams, member of Congress from Maryland, died on Friday last, at his residence in Hartford county, from apoplexy. Mr. Williams was a Democrat,—and his death occasions a vacancy which will have to be supplied by special election. It is not probable that any change in the political complexion of the delegation from that State will take place in consequence. In noticing the death of Mr. Williams, the National Intelligencer states that he had departed from home in his private carriage on his way to attend Congress, and had only proceeded about three miles on his journey when the affliction which terminated his life came upon him. He was alone in the carriage at the time, and the driver knew nothing of his unfortunate situation until he had occasion to stop on the road, when Mr. W. was immediately conveyed back to his residence. He was the Representative from the district composed of Baltimore, Carroll, and Hartford counties.

SERVED RIGHT.—The New York des Etats Unis gives the following as having recently occurred at a café in Paris. Two gentlemen were dining together very comfortably and luxuriously in great glee and high spirits, when all of a sudden a young and good looking female, modestly dressed, but pale and fatigued, entered the eating house leading two young children, and quietly took a seat at a table. With what shall I serve Madame? promptly enquired the Garcon. The leavings of those gentlemen, replied she in a loud voice, casting a look at the table of the joyful pair. One of the gentlemen was the husband of the unfortunate lady and the father of the two poor children, who was filling himself to repletion, having left home without making any provision for their sustenance, and wholly indifferent whether they starved or not! If all women who have neglected claims were thus bold in asserting them many such diffners might be interrupted.

CLAIMS ON MEXICO.—It is stated, on the authority of private letters received in this city, that a treaty has been concluded between the Mexican Government and our Minister, General Waddy Thompson, for the payment of the awards made by the late Convention at Washington. The payments to be made in instalments of one-twentieth every three months, and the proceeds of the Mexican Custom-house and of some of the taxes, are pledged to the American Government for the fulfilment of the treaty. We wonder how many pledges deep, these said "proceeds" are already mortgaged. The news is confirmed by other advices. The Diario del Gobierno, a Mexican paper, of the 5th November, "takes great pleasure in stating that all the difficulties between the United States and Mexico have been definitely settled." Gen. Thompson is highly lauded for his conciliatory and urbane course in producing this desirable result.

SERIOUS STAGE ACCIDENT.—On Wednesday night, the 30th ultimo, the western stage was precipitated over a precipice of twenty feet, on the hill east of Mt. Sterling, and within eight miles of Zanesville, seriously injuring a number of the passengers. Messrs. Caruthers, Campbell and Gentry, members of Congress from Tennessee, Messrs. Smith, Senator; Wallace and Lane from Indiana, Mr. Goode, of Ohio, Mrs. Lane, and two young men were in the coach, all of whom were more or less injured. The life of Gen. Caruthers is despaired of, and that of Mr. Wallace also is in a dangerous situation. One of the young men had his arm broken. But two of the passengers, Messrs. Smith, of Indiana; and Goode, of Ohio, were able to proceed on their journey."

The members of Congress injured as above, are all doing well.

THE PRIZE FIGHTERS.—The men convicted at Westchester, N. Y., of manslaughter, by aiding and abetting in a prize fight, which resulted in the death of one McCoy, have been sentenced as follows:—James Sullivan, to the State prison for two years. John McCleester, eight months in the county jail, and a fine of $500, and to stand committed until the fine is paid, George Kensett, four months in the county jail, and a fine of $200, and to stand committed till paid. Petitions have been circulated for their pardon; but will hardly, we think effect much for them.

MEXICAN PRISONERS.—The story of the butchery of the prisoners taken by the Mexicans at San Antonio, is contradicted. They were on their march for the capital, at the last dates. Four of them, viz: Messrs. Van Ness, Fitzgerald, and two others, being recognised as having belonged to the Santa Fe expedition, were ordered to be shot, but Gen. Tornell, Secretary of War, has revoked the order, and commuted their punishment to ten years imprisonment. The rest of the capture would be marched to Perote, and it was believed would be well used.

THE CINCINNATI MYSTERY, of which the papers have been full, proves quite as bad as was represented, though not of precisely the same character. It appears that several brutal children and other relatives of an aged and indigent mother, in pushing her from one to another, to evade her support, was actually permitted to starve. Such conduct should bar them out from association with human beings; and even brutes might properly rebel at the classification of such rational, with what are called irrational beings.

THE JUDGE'S HAT.—One Wm. McCarty escaped last week from the Westmoreland County jail. He was sent into the yard for a bucket of water, when, seeing the back door of the Court-house open, he stepped in, and, finding the Court in session, he deliberately picked up the *hat of one of the judges*, and walked past counsel, jury, tip-staves and audience, into the street. He was confined for robbing a store and had once before received a pardon from the Governor.

BARBAROUS PUNISHMENT.—A burglar named John Pemberton, has been convicted in Wilmington, Del., for breaking into a gentleman's house and stealing a number of articles. He is sentenced to receive *twenty-five lashes on the back, to stand in the pillory one hour*, pay a fine of five hundred dollars, and to be confined in prison four months. The Legislature of Delaware, at its next session, should repeal the barbarous statute which authorises so brutal a punishment.

THE MIDSHIPMEN'S DUEL.—The citizens of Burlington, N. J., have petitioned the Governor of New Jersey to offer a reward for the apprehension of the two midshipmen who fought the duel in that county. The Governor, in reply, says the crimes for the detection of which he is allowed to offer a reward, are specifically mentioned in the law, and duelling is not among the number. He declares that he will do all in his power, consistent with law, to prevent duelling.

POISON PEACHES.—The Grenada (Mi.) Register of the 29th ult. says the family of G. Morehead, residing near the Yazoo pass, were recently poisoned (as is supposed) by eating peaches which had been dried upon a painted scaffold—"the acid of the peaches, combining with the alkaline and other properties of the white lead, probably producing a poison like sugar of lead." Mrs. M. and two of the children died. The other members of the family recovered.

☞ As Mr. Charles Howe, one of the attaches of a New York menagerie, was urging the Elephant to change his position, in order to accomplish his purpose he pricked the animal with the pitch-fork. The beast becoming enraged, struck Mr. Howe a heavy blow on the breast with his trunk, knocking him against the wall insensible, and bleeding him freely. Mr. Howe was unable for some hours to speak, and great fears were entertained for his recovery.

PRECOCITY.—A girl about ten years old, under the care of Mr. Allen Rogers, of Burlington county, N. J., was committed to prison in Mount Holly, on Monday last, for setting fire to his dwelling three times. The girl was brought from Philadelphia by Mr. Rogers, where she had been accustomed to seeing fires, and she said she wanted "to see a fire in the country," and that she intended to burn the house and barn both.

QUITE A CABINET.—A merchant of New Orleans on the 23d ult., received from his correspondent in Bremen about $1500 in silver coin. On counting them he found dollars made at the Philadelphia mint as far back as 1795. Besides these pieces, there were dollars from all the Republics in South America, mixed with those of Mexico and Old Spain.

☞ The jail of Brooke county, Virginia, has not now, nor has it had for a long period of time, any person confined in it for any cause whatever—nor has the county a solitary tavern in it licensed to sell intoxicating drinks.

☞ The Steamer Oneida, reported lost on Lake Erie, is still safe and performing her trips.

SIGNS OF FUTURE TROUBLE.—The number of warriors in the tribes removed by the Government to their present locality, immediately west of the States of Missouri and Arkansas, is 16,310. The number of warriors belonging to tribes indigenous to the country now occupied by them in the same vicinity, is 1844; and the number of warriors within striking distance of the frontier, exclusive of these, is estimated at 43,385.

ACQUITTAL.—A girl named Ellen Clark was tried a few days since in Harrisburg on a charge of infanticide and was acquitted. The body of the child was found in Paxton creek, and the mother had overlain it in the night, and had in an agony of fear and distress, thrown the corpse into the water, instead of informing the family with whom she lived, of the accident. Her conduct cost her dear.

MEXICAN SPIES.—The New Orleans Picayune has direct information that the Mexican Government have some fifty or sixty spies—Americans, English and Irishmen—continually employed in Texas, and to whom heavy sums are paid. One or two of them arrived at Matamoras just before the Picayune's information sailed, with information of the movements of the Texans.

REQUISITION.—It is stated in the Richmond Enquirer, that Mr. Gray, the owner of a slave named Lattimer, recently liberated in Boston, is about to obtain a warrant from the Executive of Virginia on the Governor of Massachusetts—for the delivery of Lattimer, as a fugitive from justice, on the charge of larceny.

☞ The North River is open again, almost, or quite to Albany, whereat the New Yorkers are very much rejoiced. The Housatonic Railroad is just completed, which, when the river is closed, will connect New York with Albany, via. Long Island Sound, and the States of Connecticut and Massachusetts.

THAT DUEL.—The stories about indictments of Messrs. Webb and Marshall, by grand juries in this State and in Delaware are contradicted. The juries in both cases, and in both States have ignored the bills, it being impossible to say in which State either combatant stood, as they fired across the line.

☞ The Lieutenants of the Marine Barracks in Charlestown Navy Yard, have circulated a pledge of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks, among the men under their charge, to which their own names were first attached, and have procured the signatures of nearly all in the barracks.

☞ The great ship Canal in Canada, connecting the St. Lawrence with the Lakes, has at last been completed; and the Kingston Whig says that on the 30th ult., the large steamboat Hollander reached that city, having passed through the whole length of the Canal without difficulty.

☞ The spacious man ion of Mr. John Treadwell, at Hempstead Plains, New York, was destroyed by fire on Tuesday week, together with the furniture. Mr. T. and his wife had barely time to escape in their night dresses. Loss estimated at $10,000, partly insured.

DROWNED.—The Captain of the New York Herald News Boat, W. A. Bassett, and a boatman, J. King, were drowned in the bay on Friday week last. The boat upset with four of them. The others were taken off the bottom of the boat.

☞ There were 188,051 lbs., or about 94 tons of turkies, chickens, &c., brought from Rhode Island to Boston, on the Boston and Providence Railroad, about Thanksgiving time. This poultry sold for 12½ cents per pound, or $23,506 37.

☞ One of the Croton water pipes in Canal street, N. Y., burst last week, and tore up the ground and pavement for thirty feet, and nearly filled three cellars full of water. The noise was so loud as the explosion of a cannon.

☞ It is said in some of the papers that a nephew of Lord Ashburton, by the name of Baring, is to receive the appointment of Consul at New York.

☞ There were in the city of New York during the year ending Dec. 1, 183 fires small and large; a little more than one every other day.

☞ The Ocmulgee (Geo.) Bank failed on the 24th ult., by which the public lost *one hundred thousand dollars!*

Religious Intelligence.

ASSISTANT BISHOP OF MASSACHUSETTS.—The Boston Journal states, that twenty-two out of the twenty-six standing committees of the Episcopal Church, have given their consent to the consecration of the Rev. Dr. Eastburn, as Assistant Bishop of the Diocese of Massachusetts, and from the other four, no communication has yet been received. A majority of the Bishops have also given their consent. Thursday, the 29th of the present month, has been assigned as the day of his consecration. The solemn and interesting service will take place in Trinity Church, Boston; and it is expected that several of the Bishops of other dioceses, and a large number of the Clergy of Massachusetts will be present on the interesting occasion.

BIBLES.—The nineteenth anniversary of the New York Bible Society was celebrated on the 24th ult. According to the annual report, about 10,000 volumes of the Scriptures have been distributed through the agency of the society during the past year. The number of subscribers has increased to about one thousand. The collections for the year have amounted to over $5800, being about $3000 less than those of the preceding year, which diminution is attributed in a great degree to the pressure of the times.

☞ The Archbishop of Baltimore has issued a circular to the diocese, calling upon them to have religious exercises in their several churches on the 14th day of this month, in compliance with the Proclamation of the Governor of Maryland, appointing that day a public Thanksgiving.

☞ Gov. Corwin has appointed the 22d of December as a day of Thanksgiving. The 22d is the anniversary of the landing of the pilgrims at Plymouth, and the Yankees in the Buckeye State will be sure to keep the festival.

REV. DR. ELY, has arrived in this city, and will remain during the winter months. He has many warm friends in this city, who will no doubt esteem it a privilege to listen once more to his religious teaching.

☞ It is announced that the Rev. Dr. O'Connor, pastor of the Church of St. Paul's, in Pittsburg, has been appointed Roman Catholic Bishop of Charleston, in place of Bishop England, deceased.

☞ A new church was recently dedicated by the Universalists in Concord, N. H. The same denomination are about to erect another church in Lowell, Mass., making the third in that city.

☞ Christ Church in Troy, N. Y., was opened as a free church, on Sunday last, under the support of the Rev. Professors, Potter and Reed, of Union College, Schenectady.

Agricultural.

TAKE CARE OF THE HENS.—The Boston Cultivator thus appeals to its readers, against leaving their hens to "shirk for themselves," during the winter months:—"There is no animal on the farm that better repays good keeping than the hen, and with it none afford such good profit on the capital employed. The hen should have a close warm roost, for there are few creatures who suffer more from cold than fowls; they should have a box of gravel, sand, ashes, &c. for them to roll and dust themselves in, to prevent the attacks of those insects to which fowls are subjected; they should have access to pulverized limestone, or limestone gravel, as this will give material for shell, and contribute to the health of hens; they should have abundance of water, clean and pure, for few animals will drink more frequently or eagerly than the hens, if water is within their reach; and no one need expect healthy fowls, or a plentiful supply of eggs, who does not pay strict attention to their supply of food. Indeed corn, peas, buckwheat, oats, or barley, may be fed to fowls. Potatoes, steamed or boiled, are excellent for them, but must be fed while warm, as fowls will not eat a cold potato unless driven to it by hunger. Fowls should have access to a warm yard in the sunny days of winter, as warmth is particularly invigorating to them. If confined for any time in a close, ill ventilated room, they will become diseased and feeble, and will require extra attention to repair the evil generated."

A CURIOSITY.—There is in the garden of the Rev. Mr. Richardson, of Hingham, Mass., an apple tree nearly two hundred years old. Twenty years ago it was hollow, and was supported by a mere shell, or rind, not more than two inches in thickness. Mr. Richardson then had occasion to raise the ground around it, for a way, to the height of five or six feet with stone and gravel. This gave the tree new life; it has since flourished, and is now a very constant bearer. Any common sized man may go down into this tree, as into a well, to the depth of six feet.

FINE SHEEP.—Dr. William Wetherill has just received from a friend, several Southdown sheep, which are very superior specimens of this famous breed. They were bred by the Marquis of Farrington, and sent to this country by Charles Murray, Esq. the accomplished English traveller who made a tour of the U. States a few years ago. These sheep are said to surpass any yet raised or introduced into this part of the Union. It is a gratifying fact that many of the wealthiest agriculturists of this State are devoting considerable attention to this branch of the farming interest. In Washington county, according to the last census, the number of sheep was 232,631. In other counties the stocks are also very large. The Southdowns of Dr. Wetherill are to be sent to his fine farm near Valley Forge.

☞ On Saturday morning, says the New Orleans Bulletin of the 21st ult. a person could find home-made ice, in any part of the city, and yet at dinner on that day, we ate nice, tender green corn—corn grown in the open air, and as sweet as that plucked in August. The South is emphatically a place of contrasts, as any one who has ever passed a season there, can testify.

☞ The Washington (Pa.) Reporter tells of four old residents of that county, Mr. Jesse Bane and his three sons, who were among the first settlers of that county, who have occupied the same farm for seventy years, and whose united ages are 380 years.

☞ The editor of the Concord (N. H.) Patriot has received two pears, each measuring eleven inches in circumference.

☞ There was eighteen inches of snow at Milton, Pa. on Thursday last.

Political Intelligence.

THE TREATY.—The following was the vote in the secret session of the Senate of the United States, on ratifying the treaty with England:

YEAS.—Messrs. Archer, Barrow, Bates, Bayard, Berrien, Calhoun, Choate, Clayton, Crafts, Crittenden, Cuthbert, Dayton, Evans, Fulton, Graham, Henderson, Huntington, Kerr, King, Mangum, Merrick, Miller, Morehead, Phelps, Porter, Preston, Rives, Sevier, Simmons, Smith, of Indiana, Sprague, Tallmadge, Tappan, Walker, White, Woodbridge, Woodbury, Wright, Young—39.

NAYS.—Messrs. Allen, Bagby, Buchanan, Benton, Conrad, Linn, Smith, of Connecticut, Sturgeon, Williams—9.

MASSACHUSETTS ELECTION.—The Commercial Advertiser (whig) says, "It is not yet quite certain which party will have the Legislature of Massachusetts, but the impression is that the democratic party will have a majority of one, and consequently that Mr. Morton will again be chosen Governor of the State by a majority of a single vote." Morton was elected once before by a majority of but one vote. Number one seems to be a fortunate number for him. The newspapers are now publishing a letter, in which, before the election, Mr. Webster warned his former political friends that if they rallied under the name of any Presidential candidate, they would lose the State.

THE WAREHOUSING SYSTEM.—The New York Chamber of Commerce have prepared a memorial, praying Congress to establish a warehousing system. There are so many reasons in favor of the measure, urged by all political parties, that there is hardly any doubt of its adoption.

☞ A Committee of the Senate of New Hampshire have reported *against* the receiving of its portion of the land fund, by that State.

☞ Mr. Ritchie, of the Richmond Enquirer, positively refuses to be made Governor of Virginia. He prefers to edit his paper.

☞ Mr. Calhoun has resigned his seat in the United States Senate, the resignation to take effect on the 4th of March next.

☞ Gov. Gregory, of Virginia, declines to accept the portion of the proceeds of the public lands, due the State of Virginia.

☞ The Hon. William C. Preston has resigned his seat in the Senate of the United States.

Local Intelligence.

THE TRIAL OF ALEXANDER, indicted for the murder of Mr. Lougee. The evidence in this case, closed on Tuesday night, and the arguments of counsel were on Wednesday commenced by Mr. Porter for the Commonwealth, and Wm. B. Reed, Esq. for the defence. The plea set up for the prisoner, is a partial temporary insanity. A great deal of interest has been felt by the readers of matters connected with criminal jurisprudence, and by the public generally in the progress of this trial; and the eminent counsel engaged on both sides, enhance that interest in the public mind.

TEMPERANCE.—There was a large assemblage of the Students of the Medical Schools in this city, in the Grand Saloon of the Assembly Buildings on Saturday evening last, for the purpose of forming a Temperance Society. They were addressed by Doctors Bell, Bryant and Mutter, and at the conclusion, full two hundred of the students signed their names to the Pledge. The association bears the name of "The Medical Students Temperance Society." Certainly no profession is more bound to maintain sobriety than physicians are.

WASHINGTON.—At Sully and Earl's Gallery, in Chesnut street, is a magnificent painting representing Washington in the act of reviewing the troops, at the period of the "Whiskey Insurrection," in 1794, the face being copied from a likeness by Stewart, taken at that time. It is a stormy day, with snow upon the ground. The Commander-in-chief, his hat in hand, and his cloak waving in the wintry wind, is reining in his impatient steed, while in the back ground the artillery men are firing a salute.

PARTNERSHIP.—By reference to our advertising columns, it will be seen, that O. F. Johnson, Esq. Attorney General of this State, and Ashbel Green, Jr. Esq. New Jersey Commissioner, have entered into a partnership in the Practice of the Law. The high standing of these gentlemen, and their extensive acquaintance throughout the country, will no doubt secure to them a large amount of professional business.

☞ Mr. Breisford, the Coroner, is now the acting Sheriff of this city and county.

Army & Navy.

THE EXPLORING EXPEDITION appears to have been fruitful in bitterness, if in nothing else. It is stated in the National Intelligencer, that four suits in trespass, *vi et armis*, for assault and battery and false imprisonment, have been instituted in the Circuit Court of the District of Columbia, against Lieut. Charles Wilkes, late commander of the Exploring Expedition. The wrongs complained of are alleged to have been committed on board the U. S. Ship Vincennes, during her late cruise. These cases have been brought before the Court now sitting, upon motion of the defendant's counsel to reduce the bail. The Court, after hearing the affidavits read, ordered that Lieut. Wilkes should enter bail in the sum of three thousand dollars in each case.

☞ The U. S. ship Vandalia arrived at Newport on Saturday, from Africa, having twice been in sight of Sandy Hook, but blown off. She last but one man on the coast of Africa, and reports that she has not seen a slaver, or heard of a single instance of molestation of the American flag.

☞ An order from the War Department prescribes that hereafter the allowance to officers of the Navy, and also for their servants, for travelling, shall not exceed the actual cost, at the usual rates. Porterage may be included, but not board nor the extra expense of taking a circuitous route.

☞ The Madisonian says, that Commander Tattnall has been ordered to hold himself in readiness for the command of the sloop Saratoga.

Literary Intelligence.

NEW WEEKLY.—The publisher of the United States Gazette announces that in the first week in January next, he shall issue the first number of a new paper, to be called the "Weekly United States Gazette." It will support the same school of politics that the daily paper does, but be temperate in its partisanship. The character of the conductor, and of the daily from the office of which this sheet will be issued, renders any further remark from us unnecessary—both are well and widely known.

☞ The Hon. Daniel Webster has consented to deliver an oration, on the 17th of June next, on the occasion of the completion of the Bunker Hill Monument. Mr. Webster delivered the address when the corner-stone of the Monument was laid by Lafayette.

☞ A new novel by T. S. Fay, is announced as in press, in London. It is entitled "Hoboken."

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LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World of Fashion—

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, assisted by *Moses Meeker, Jas. R. Smith, G. H. Comstock, J. R. Humphreys and J. T. Dent.*

HENRY M. LEWIS is collecting for us in Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *James R. Whipple, Wm. H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, and Henry Platt.*

CONGRESS.

On Monday, December 5th, the Speaker of the House took his seat at 12 o'clock. One hundred and ninety-four members answered to their names, and a quorum being present, on motion of Mr. Cushing, the usual Committee was appointed to inform the Senate that the House was in session.

Mr. Adams gave notice, amid some confusion, in which laughter predominated, that he should bring in a motion to rescind the 21st rule (excluding Abolition petitions.)

Mr. Everett, of Vermont, gave notice that he should bring in a bill to repeal the Bankrupt Law; and the House shortly after adjourned.

In the Senate, there were only twenty-four members present—not a quorum.

On Tuesday, there was no quorum in the Senate.

In the House, Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, gave notice of a bill in conformity with his views as expressed at the last session, in relation to the State Debts. Mr. Adam's 21st rule proposition came up again, when a motion to lay the resolution on the table was moved and lost by 85 to 93 votes against. A motion for the previous question was then carried, but on the question "Shall the main question be put?" it was not ordered—yeas 84, nays 99. The Speaker decided that under the rule the whole subject went over until the next day.

The death of Mr. Williams, of Maryland, was then announced by his colleague, and the House, after passing the usual resolutions, adjourned.

On Wednesday, there was a quorum in the Senate, and the Message was received.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States.

We have continued reason to express our profound gratitude to the great Creator of all things for numberless benefits conferred upon us as a people. Blessed with genial seasons, the husbandman has his garners filled with abundance; and the necessaries of life, not to speak of its luxuries, abound in every direction. While in some other nations steady and industrious labor can hardly find the means of subsistence, the greatest evil which we have to encounter, is a surplus of production beyond the home demand, which seeks, and with difficulty finds, a partial market in other regions. The health of the country, with partial exceptions, has, for the past year, been well preserved; and under their free and wise institutions, the United States are rapidly advancing towards the consummation of the high destiny which an overruling Providence seems to have marked out for them. Exempt from domestic convulsion and at peace with all the world, we are left free to consult as to the best means of securing and advancing the happiness of the people. Such are the circumstances under which you now assemble in your respective chambers, and which should lead us to unite in praise and thanksgiving to that great Being who made us, and who preserves us a nation.

I congratulate you, fellow-citizens, on the happy change in the aspect of our foreign affairs since my last annual Message. Causes of complaint at that time existed between the United States and Great Britain, which, attended by irritating circumstances, threatened most seriously the public peace. The difficulty of adjusting amicably the questions at issue between the two countries, was, in no small degree, augmented by the lapse of time since they had their origin. The opinions entertained by the Executive on several of the leading topics in dispute, were frankly set forth in the Message at the opening of your late session. The appointment of a special minister by Great Britain to the United States with power to negotiate upon the points of difference, indicated a desire on her part amicably to adjust them, and that minister was met by the Executive in the same spirit which had dictated his mission. The Treaty consequent thereon, having been duly ratified by the two Governments, a copy, together with the correspondence which accompanied it, is herewith communicated. I trust that whilst you may see in it nothing objectionable, it may be the means of preserving, for an indefinite period, the amicable relations happily existing between the two Governments. The question of peace or war between the United States and Great Britain, is a question of the deepest interest not only to themselves, but to the civilized world, since it is scarcely possible that a war could exist between them without endangering the peace of Christendom. The immediate effect of the Treaty upon ourselves will be felt in the security afforded to mercantile enterprise, which, no longer apprehensive of interruption, adventures its speculations in the most distant sea; and, freighted with the diversified productions of every land, return to bless our own. There is nothing in the Treaty which, in the slightest degree, compromits the honor or dignity of either nation. Next to the settlement of the boundary line, which must always be a matter of difficulty between States as between individuals, the question which seemed to threaten the greatest embarrassment, was that connected with the African slave trade.

By the 10th article of the Treaty of Ghent, it was expressly declared that "whereas the traffic in slaves is irreconcilable with the principles of humanity and justice; and whereas both His Majesty and the United States are desirous of continuing their efforts to promote its entire abolition, it is hereby agreed that both the contracting parties shall use their best endeavors to accomplish so desirable an object." In the enforcement of the laws and treaty stipulations of Great Britain, a practice had threatened to grow up on the parts of its cruisers of subjecting to visitation ships sailing under the American flag, which, while it seriously involved our maritime rights, would subject to vexation a branch of our trade which was daily increasing, and which required the fostering care of the Government. And although Lord Aberdeen, in his correspondence with the American Envoys, at London, expressly disclaimed all right to detain an American ship on the high seas, even if found with a cargo of slaves on board, and restricted the British pretension to a mere claim to visit and enquire, yet it could not well be discerned by the Executive of the United States how such visit and enquiry could be made without detention on the voyage, and consequent interruption to the trade. It was regarded as the right of search, presented only in a new form, and expressed in different words; and I therefore felt it to be my duty distinctly to declare, in my annual message to Congress, that no such concession could be made, and that the United States had both the will and the ability to enforce their own laws, and to protect their flag from being used for purposes wholly forbidden by those laws, and obnoxious to the moral censure of the world. Taking the Message as his letter of instructions, our then Minister at Paris felt himself required to assume the same ground in a remonstrance which he felt it to be his duty to present M. Guizot, and through him to the King of the French, against what has been called the Quintuple treaty; and his conduct, in this respect, met with the approval of this Government. In close conformity with these views, the eighth article of the Treaty was framed, which provides that "each nation shall keep afloat in the African seas a force not less than eighty guns, to act separately and apart, under instructions from their respective Governments, and for the enforcement of their respective laws and obligations." From this it will be seen that the ground assumed in the Message has been fully maintained, at the same time that the stipulations of the Treaty of Ghent are to be carried out in good faith by the two countries, and that all pretence is removed for interference with our commerce for any purpose whatever by a foreign Government. While, therefore, the United States have been standing up for the freedom of the seas, they have not thought proper to make that a pretext for avoiding a fulfilment of their Treaty stipulations, or a ground for giving countenance to a trade reprobated by our laws. A similar arrangement by the other great powers, could not fail to sweep from the ocean the slave-trade, without the interpolation of any new principle into the maritime code. We may be permitted to hope that the example thus set will be followed by some, if not all of them. We thereby also afford suitable protection to the fair trader in those seas, thus fulfilling at the same time the dictates of a sound policy, and complying with the claims of justice and humanity.

It would have furnished additional cause for congratulation, if the Treaty could have embraced all subjects calculated in future to lead to a misunderstanding between the two Governments. The territory of the United States, commonly called the Oregon Territory, lying on the Pacific Ocean, north of the 42nd degree of latitude, to a portion of which Great Britain lays claim, begins to attract the attention of our fellow-citizens, and the tide of population which has reclaimed what was so lately an unbroken wilderness in more contiguous regions, is preparing to flow over those vast districts which stretch from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean. In advance of the acquirement of individual rights to these lands, sound policy dictates that every effort should be resorted to by the two Governments, to settle their respective claims. It became manifest, at an early hour of the late negotiations, that any attempt for the time being satisfactorily to determine those rights, would lead to a protracted discussion, which might embrace in its failure other more pressing matters, and the Executive did not regard it as proper to waive all the advantages of an honorable adjustment of other difficulties of great magnitude and importance, because this, not so immediately pressing, stood in the way. Although the difficulty referred to may not for several years to come involve the peace of the two countries, yet I shall not delay to urge on Great Britain the importance of its early settlement. Nor will other matters of commercial importance to the two countries be overlooked; and I have good reason to believe that it will comport with the policy of England, as it does with that of the United States, to seize upon this moment, when most of the causes of irritation have passed away, to cement the peace and unity of the two countries by wisely removing all grounds of probable future collision.

With the other powers of Europe our relations continue on the most amicable footing. Treaties now existing with them should be rigidly observed, and every opportunity, compatible with the interests of the United States, should be seized upon to enlarge the basis of commercial intercourse. Peace with all the world is the true foundation of our policy, which can only be rendered permanent by the practice of equal and impartial justice to all. Our great desire should be to enter only into that rivalry which looks to the general good, in the cultivation of the sciences, the enlargement of the field for the exercise of the mechanical arts, and the spread of commerce—that great civilizer—to every land and sea. Carefully abstaining from interference in all questions exclusively referring themselves to the political interests of Europe, we may be permitted to hope an equal exemption from the interference of European Governments, in what relates to the States of the American Continent.

On the 23d of April last, the commissioners on the part of the United States, under the convention with the Mexican Republic, of the 11th of April, 1839, made to the proper department a final report in relation to the proceedings of the commission. From this, it appears that the total amount awarded to the claimants by the commissioners and the umpire appointed under that convention, was two millions twenty-six thousand and seventy-nine dollars and sixty-eight cents. The arbiter having considered that his functions were required by the convention to terminate at the same time with those of the commissioners, returned to the board, undecided for want of time, claims which had been allowed by the American Commissioners, to the amount of nine hundred and twenty-eight thousand six hundred and twenty dollars and eighty-eight cents. Other claims, in which the amount sought to be recovered was three millions three hundred and thirty-six thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven dollars and five cents, were submitted to the board too late for its consideration. The minister of the United States at Mexico, has been duly authorized to make demand for the payment of the awards according to the terms of the convention, and the provisions of the act of Congress of the 12th of June, 1840. He has also been instructed to communicate to that government the expectations of the Government of the United State in relation to those claims which were not disposed of according to the provisions of the convention, and all others of citizens of the United States against the Mexican Government.

He has also been furnished with other instructions, to be followed by him in case the Government of Mexico should not find itself in a condition to make present payment of the amount of the awards, in specie or its equivalent.

I am happy to be able to say that information which is esteemed favorable, both to a just satisfaction of the awards, and a reasonable provision for other claims, has been recently received from Mr. Thompson, the Minister of the United States, who has promptly and efficiently executed the instructions of his Government, in regard to this important subject.

The citizens of the United States who accompanied the late Texan expedition to Santa Fe, and who were wrongfully taken and held as prisoners of war in Mexico, have all been liberated.

A correspondence has taken place between the Department of State and the Mexican Minister of Foreign Affairs, upon the complaint of Mexico that citizens of the United States were permitted to give aid to the inhabitants of Texas in the war existing between her and that Republic. Copies of this correspondence are herewith communicated to Congress, together with copies of letters on the same subject, addressed to the Diplomatic Corps at Mexico, by the American Minister and the Mexican Secretary of State.

Mexico has thought proper to reciprocate the mission of the United States to that Government by accrediting to this a Minister of the same rank as that of the representative of the United States in Mexico. From the circumstances connected with his mission, favorable results are anticipated from it. It is so obviously for the interest of both countries as neighbors and friends that all just causes of mutual dissatisfaction should be removed, that it is to be hoped neither will omit or delay the employment of any practicable and honorable means to accomplish that end.

The affairs pending between this Government and several others of the States of this hemisphere formerly under the dominion of Spain, have again, within the past year, been materially obstructed by the military revolutions and conflicts in those countries.

The ratifications of the Treaty between the United States and the Republic of Ecuador, of the 13th of June, 1839, have been exchanged, and that instrument has been duly promulgated on the part of this Government. Copies are now communicated to Congress with a view to enable that body to make such changes in the laws applicable to our intercourse with that Republic, as may be deemed requisite.

Provision has been made by the Government of Chili for the payment of the claim on account of the illegal detention of the brig Warrior at Coquimbo, in 1820. This Government has reason to expect that other claims of our citizens against Chili, will be hastened to a final and satisfactory close.

The Empire of Brazil has not been altogether exempt from those convulsions which so constantly afflict the neighboring republics. Disturbances which recently broke out are, however, now understood to be quieted. But these occurrences, by threatening the stability of the Governments, or by causing incessant and violent changes in them, or in the persons who administer them, tend greatly to retard provisions for a just indemnity for losses and injuries suffered by individual subjects or citizens of other States. The Government of the United States will feel it to be its duty, however, to consent to no delay, not unavoidable, in making satisfaction for wrongs and injuries sustained by its own citizens. Many years having, in some cases, elapsed, a decisive and effectual course of proceeding will be demanded of the respective Governments against whom claims have been preferred.

The vexatious, harassing and expensive war which so long prevailed with the Indian tribes inhabiting the peninsula of Florida, has happily been terminated; whereby our army has been relieved from a service of the most disagreeable character, and the Treasury from a large expenditure. Some casual outbreaks may occur, such as are incident to the close proximity of border settlers and the Indians; but these, as in all other cases, may be left to the care of the local authorities, aided, when occasion may require, by the forces of the United States. A sufficient number of troops will be maintained in Florida, so long as the remotest apprehensions of danger shall exist, yet their duties will be limited rather to the garrisoning of the necessary posts, than to the maintenance of active hostilities. It is to be hoped that a territory, so long retarded in its growth, will now speedily recover from the evils incident to a protracted war, exhibiting, in the increased amount of its rich productions, true evidences of returning wealth and prosperity. By the practice of rigid justice towards the numerous Indian tribes residing within our territorial limits, and the exercise of a parental vigilance over their interests, protecting them against fraud and intrusion, and at the same time using every proper expedient to introduce among them the arts of civilized life, we may fondly hope not only to wean them from their love for war, but to inspire them with a love for peace and all its avocations. With several of the tribes great progress in civilizing them has already been made. The schoolmaster and the missionary are found side by side, and the remnants of what were once numerous and powerful nations may yet be preserved as the builders up of a new name for themselves and their posterity.

The balance in the Treasury on the 1st of January, (1842, exclusive of the amount deposited with the States, Trust Funds and Indemnities) was $230,483 68. The receipts into the Treasury during the three first quarters of the present year, from all sources, amounts to $26,616,593 78; of which more than fourteen millions were received from customs, and about one million from the public lands. The receipts for the fourth quarter are estimated at nearly eight millions; of which four millions are expected from Customs, and three millions and a half from Loans and Treasury notes. The expenditures of the first three quarters of the present year exceed twenty-six millions; and those estimated for the fourth quarter amount to about eight millions; and it is anticipated there will be a deficiency of half a million on the 1st of January next—but that the amount of outstanding warrants (estimated at $800,000) will leave an actual balance of about $224,000 in the Treasury. Among the expenditures of the year, are more than eight millions for the public debt, and $600,000 on account of the distribution to the States of the proceeds of the public land.

The present tariff of duties was somewhat hastily and hurriedly passed near the close of the late session of Congress. That it should have defects can, therefore, be surprising to no one. To remedy such defects as may be found to exist in many of its numerous provisions, will not fail to claim your serious attention. It may well merit enquiry, whether the exaction of all duties in cash does not call for the introduction of a system which has proved highly beneficial in countries where it has been adopted. I refer to the Warehousing System. The first and most prominent effect which it would produce would be to protect the market alike against redundant or deficient supplies of foreign fabrics—both of which, in the long run, are injurious as well to the manufacturer as the importer. The quantity of goods in store being at all times readily known, it would enable the importer, with an approach to accuracy, to ascertain the actual wants of the market, and to regulate himself accordingly. If, however, he should fall into error, by importing an excess above the public wants, he could readily correct its evils by availing himself of the benefits and advantages of the system thus established. In the storehouse the goods imported would await the demands of the market, and their issues would be governed by the fixed principles of demand and supply. Thus an approximation would be made to a steadiness and uniformity of price, which, if attainable, would conduce to the decided advantage of mercantile and mechanical operations.

The apprehension may be well entertained that without something to ameliorate the rigor of cash payments, the entire import trade may fall into the hands of a few wealthy capitalists in this country, and in Europe. The small importer, who requires all the money he can raise for investments abroad, and who can but ill afford to pay the lowest duty, would have to subduct in advance a portion of his funds in order to pay the duties, and would lose the interest upon the amount thus paid for all the time the goods might remain unsold, which might absorb his profits. The rich capitalist abroad, as well as at home, would thus possess, after a short time, an almost exclusive monopoly of the import trade, and laws designed for the benefit of all, would thus operate for the benefit of the few,—a result wholly uncongenial with the spirit of our institutions, and anti-republican in all its tendencies. The Warehousing System would enable the importer to watch the market, and to select his own time for offering his goods for sale. A profitable portion of the carrying trade in articles entered for the benefit of drawback, must also be most seriously affected, without the adoption of some expedient to relieve the cash system. The Warehousing System would afford that relief, since the carrier would have a safe recourse to the public storehouses, and might, without advancing the duty, reship within some reasonable period to foreign ports. A further effect of the measure would be to supercede the system of drawbacks, thereby effectually protecting the Government against fraud, as the right of debenture would not attach to goods after their withdrawal from the public stores.

In revising the existing tariff of duties, should you deem it proper to do so at your present session, I can only repeat the suggestions and recommendations which, upon several occasions I have heretofore felt it to be my duty to offer to Congress. The great, primary and controlling interest of the American People is union—union not only in the mere forms of government, forms which may be broken—but union founded in an attachment of States and individuals for each other. This union in sentiment and feeling can only be preserved by the adoption of that course of policy which, neither giving exclusive benefits to some, nor imposing unnecessary burdens upon others, shall consult the interests of all, by pursuing a course of moderation, and thereby seeking to harmonize public opinion, and causing the People every where to feel and to know that the Government is careful of the interests of all alike. Nor is there any subject in regard to which moderation, connected with a wise discrimination, is more necessary than in the imposition of duties on imports. Whether reference be had to revenue, the primary object in the imposition of taxes, or to the incidents which necessarily flow from their imposition, this is entirely true. Extravagant duties defeat their end and object, not only by exciting in the public mind a hostility to the manufacturing interests, but by inducing a system of smuggling on an extensive scale, and the practice of every manner of fraud upon the revenue, which the utmost vigilance of Government cannot effectually suppress. An opposite course of policy would be attended by results essentially different, of which every interest of society, and none more than those of the manufacturer, would reap important advantages. Among the most striking of its benefits would be that derived from the general acquiescence of the country in its support, and the consequent permanency and stability which would be given to all the operations of industry. It cannot be too often repeated, that no system of legislation can be wise which is fluctuating and uncertain. No interest can thrive under it. The prudent capitalist will never adventure his capital in manufacturing establishments, or in any other leading pursuit of life, if there exists a state of uncertainty as to whether the Government will repeal to-morrow what it has enacted to-day. Fitful profits, however high, if threatened with a ruinous reduction by a vacillating policy on the part of Government, will scarcely tempt him to trust the money which he has acquired by a life of labor, upon the uncertain adventure. I, therefore, in the spirit of conciliation, and influenced by no other desire than to rescue the great interests of the country from the vortex of political contention, and in the discharge of the high and solemn duties of the place which I now occupy, recommend moderate duties imposed with a wise discrimination as to their several objects, as being not only most likely to be durable, but most advantageous to every interest of society.

The report of the Secretary of the War Department exhibits a very full and satisfactory account of the various and important interests committed to the charge of that officer. It is particularly gratifying to find that the expenditures for the military service are greatly reduced in amount—that a strict system of economy has been introduced into the service, and the abuses of past years greatly reformed. The fortifications on our maritime frontier have been prosecuted with much vigor, and at many points our defences are in a very considerable state of forwardness. The suggestions in reference to the establishment of means of communication with our territories on the Pacific, and to the surveys so essential to a knowledge of the resources of the intermediate country, are entitled to the most favorable consideration. While I would propose nothing inconsistent with friendly negotiations to settle the extent of our claims in that region, yet a prudent forecast points out the necessity of such measures as may enable us to maintain our rights. The arrangements made for preserving our neutral relations on the boundary between us and Texas, and keeping in check the Indians in that quarter, will be maintained so long as circumstances may require.

For several years angry contentions have grown out of the disposition directed by law to be made of the mineral lands held by the Government in several of the States. The Government is constituted the landlord, and the citizens of the States wherein lie the lands, are its tenants. The relation is an unwise one, and it would be much more conducive of the public interest that a sale of the lands should be made than that they should remain in their present condition. The supply of the ore would be more abundantly and certainly furnished when to be drawn from the enterprise and the industry of the proprietor, than under the present system.

The recommendation of the Secretary in regard to the improvements of the Western waters and certain prominent harbors on the Lakes, merits, and I doubt not will receive, your serious attention. The great importance of these subjects to the prosperity of the extensive region referred to, and the security of the whole country in time of war, cannot escape observation. The losses of life and property which annually occur in the navigation of the Mississippi alone, because of the dangerous obstructions in the river, make a loud demand upon Congress for the adoption of efficient measures for their removal.

The report of the Secretary of the Navy will bring you acquainted with that important branch of the public defences. Considering the already vast and daily increasing commerce of the country, apart from the exposure to hostile inroad of an extended seaboard, all that relates to the Navy is calculated to excite particular attention. Whatever tends to add to its efficiency, without entailing unnecessary charges upon the Treasury, is well worthy of your serious consideration. It will be seen that while an appropriation exceeding by less than a million the appropriations of the present year, is asked by the Secretary, yet that in this sum is proposed to be included $400,000, for the purchase of clothing, which, when once expended, will be annually reimbursed by the sale of the clothes, and will thus constitute a perpetual fund, without any new appropriation to the same object. To this may also be added $50,000, asked to cover the arrearages of past years, and $250,000 in order to maintain a competent squadron on the coast of Africa; all of which, when deducted, will reduce the expenditures nearly within the limits of those of the current year. While, however, the expenditures will thus remain very nearly the same as of the antecedent year, it is proposed to add greatly to the operations of the Marine, and in lieu of the only twenty-five ships in commission, and but little in the way of building, to keep, with the same expenditure, forty-one vessels afloat, and to build twelve ships of a small class.

A strict system of accountability is established, and great pains are taken to insure industry, fidelity, and economy, in every department of duty. Experiments have been instituted to test the quality of various materials, particularly copper, iron, and coal, so as to prevent fraud and imposition.

It will appear by the report of the Postmaster General that the great point which, for several years, has been so much desired, has, during the current year, been fully accomplished. The expenditures of the Department, for the current year, have been brought within its income without lessening its general usefulness. There has been an increase of revenue equal to $166,000 for the year 1842 over that of 1841, without, as it is believed, any addition having been made to the number of letters and newspapers transmitted through the mails. The Post Office laws have been honestly administered, and fidelity has been observed in accounting for, and paying over by the subordinates of the Department, the moneys which have been received. For the details of the service I refer you to the report.

I flatter myself that the exhibition thus made of the condition of the public administration will serve to convince you that every proper attention has been paid to the interests of the country by those who have been called to the heads of the different Departments. The reduction in the annual expenditures of the Government already accomplished, furnishes a sure evidence that economy in the application of the public moneys, is regarded as a paramount duty.

At peace with all the world—the personal liberty of the citizen sacredly maintained, and his rights secured under political institutions deriving all their authority from the direct sanction of the people—with a soil fertile almost beyond example; and a country blessed with every diversity of climate and production, what remains to be done in order to advance the happiness and prosperity of such a people? Under ordinary circumstances this inquiry could readily be answered. The best that probably could be done for a people inhabiting such a country, would be to fortify their peace and security in the prosecution of their various pursuits, by guarding them against invasion from without, and violence from within. The rest for the greater part, might be left to their own energy and enterprize. The chief embarrassments which at the moment exhibit themselves, have arisen from over-action; and the most difficult task which remains to be accomplished, is that of correcting and overcoming its effects. Between the years 1833 and 1838, additions were made to bank capital and bank issues, in the form of notes designed for circulation, to an extent enormously great. The question seemed to be, not how the best currency could be provided, but in what manner the greatest amount of bank paper could be put in circulation. Thus, a vast amount of what was called money—since, for the time being, it answered the purposes of money—was thrown upon the country; an over issue which was attended, as a necessary consequence, by an extravagant increase of the prices of all articles of property, the spread of a speculative mania all over the country, and has finally ended in a general indebtedness on the part of States and individuals, the prostration of public and private credit, a depreciation in the market value of real and personal estate, and has left large districts of country almost entirely without any circulating medium.

In view of the fact that, in 1830, the whole bank note circulation within the United States amounted to but $61,323,898, according to the Treasury statements, and that an addition had been made thereto of the enormous sum of $88,000,000 in seven years, (the circulation on the first January, 1837, being stated at $149,185,890,) aided by the great facilities afforded in obtaining loans from European capitalists, who were seized with the same speculative *mania* which prevailed in the United States—and the large importations of funds from abroad, the result of stock sales and loans—no one can be surprised at the apparent, but unsubstantial state of prosperity which every where prevailed over the land; while as little cause of surprise should be felt at the present prostration of every thing, and the ruin which has befallen so many of our fellow-citizens in the sudden withdrawal from circulation of so large an amount of bank issues, since 1837—exceeding, as is believed, the amount added to the paper currency for a similar period antecedent to 1837, it ceases to be a matter of astonishment that such extensive shipwreck should have been made of private fortunes, or that difficulties should exist in meeting their engagements on the part of the debtor States. Apart from which, if there be taken into account the immense losses sustained in the dishonor of numerous banks, it is less a matter of surprise that insolvency should have visited many of our fellow-citizens, than that so many should have escaped the blighting influence of the times.

In the solemn conviction of these truths, and with an ardent desire to meet the pressing necessities of the country, I felt it to be my duty to cause to be submitted to you, at the commencement of your late session, the plan of an Exchequer, the whole power and duty of maintaining which, in purity and vigor, was to be exercised by the representatives of the people and the states, and therefore virtually by the people themselves. It was proposed to place it under the control and direction of a Treasury Board, to consist of three Commissioners, whose duty it should be to see that the law of its creation was faithfully executed, and that the great end of supplying a paper medium of exchange, at all times convertible into gold and silver should be attained. The Board thus constituted, was given as much permanency as could be imparted to it, without endangering the proper share of responsibility which should attach to all public agents. In order to insure all the advantages of a well-matured experience, the Commissioners were to hold their offices for the respective periods of two, four, and six years, thereby securing at all times in the management of the Exchequer, the services of two men of experience; and to place them in a condition to exercise perfect independence of mind and action, it was provided that their removal should only take place for actual incapacity or infidelity to the trust, and to be followed by the President with an exposition of the causes of such removal, should it occur. It was proposed to establish subordinate boards in each of the States, under the same restrictions and limitations of the power of removal, which, with the central board, should receive, safely keep, and disburse the public moneys; and in order to furnish a sound paper medium of exchange, the Exchequer should retain of the revenues of the Government a sum not to exceed $5,000,000 in specie, to be set apart as required by its operations, and to pay the public creditor at his own option, either in specie or Treasury notes, of denominations not less than five, nor exceeding one hundred dollars, which should be redeemed at the several places of issue, and to be receivable at all times and everywhere in payment of Government dues; with a restraint upon such issue of bills that the same should not exceed the *maximum* of $15,000,000.

In order to guard against all the hazards incident to fluctuations in trade, the Secretary of the Treasury was invested with authority to issue $5,000,000 of Government stock, should the same at any time be regarded as necessary, in order to place beyond hazard the prompt redemption of the bills which might be thrown into circulation. Thus in fact making the issue of $15,000,000 of Exchequer bills, rest substantially on $10,000,000; and keeping in circulation never more than one and one-half dollars for every dollar in specie. When to this it is added that the bills are not only every where receivable in Government dues, but that the Government itself would be bound for their ultimate redemption, no rational doubt can exist that the paper which the Exchequer would furnish, would readily enter into general circulation, and be maintained at all times at or above par with gold and silver; thereby realizing the great want of the age, and fulfilling the wishes of the people. In order to reimburse the Government the expenses of the plan, it was proposed to invest the Exchequer with the limited authority to deal in bills of exchange, unless prohibited by the State in which an agency might be situated, having only thirty days to run, and resting on a fair and *bona fide* basis. The Legislative will on this point might be so plainly announced, as to avoid all pretext for partiality or favoritism. It was furthermore proposed to invest this Treasury agent with authority to receive on deposite, to a limited amount, the specie funds of individuals, and to grant certificates therefor, to be redeemed on presentation, under the idea, which is believed to be well founded, that such certificates would come in aid of the Exchequer bills in supplying a safe and ample paper circulation. Or, if in place of the contemplated dealings in exchange, the Exchequer should be authorized not only to exchange its bills for actual deposites of specie, but for specie or its equivalents to sell drafts, charging therefor a small but reasonable premium, I cannot doubt but that the benefits of the law would be speedily manifested in the revival of the credit, trade and business of the whole country. Entertaining this opinion it becomes my duty to urge its adoption upon Congress, by reference to the strongest considerations of the public interests, with such alterations in its details as Congress may in its wisdom see fit to make.

I am well aware that this proposed alteration and amendment of the laws establishing the Treasury Department has encountered various objections, and that among others it has been proclaimed a Government Bank of fearful and dangerous import. It is proposed to confer upon it no extraordinary powers. It purports to do no more than pay the debts of the Government with the redeemable paper of the Government—in which respect it accomplishes precisely what the Treasury does daily at this time, in issuing to the public creditors the Treasury notes which, under law, it is authorized to issue. It has no resemblance to an ordinary Bank, as it furnishes no profits to private stockholders, and lends no capital to individuals. If it be objected to as a Government Bank, and the objection be available—then should all the laws in relation to the Treasury be repealed, and the capacity of the Government to collect what is due to it, or pay what it owes, be abrogated.

This is the chief purpose of the proposed Exchequer; and surely if, in the accomplishment of a purpose so essential, it affords a sound circulating medium to the country and facilities to trade, it should be regarded as no slight recommendation of it to public consideration. Properly guarded by the provisions of law, it can run into no dangerous evil, nor can any abuse arise under it but such as the Legislature itself will be answerable for, if it be tolerated; since it is but the creature of the law, and is susceptible at all times of modification, amendment or repeal, at the pleasure of Congress. I know that it has been objected that the system would be liable to be abused by the Legislature, by whom alone it could be abused, in the party conflict of the day. That such abuse would manifest itself in a change of the law which would authorize an excessive issue of paper for the purpose of inflating prices and winning popular favor.

To that it may be answered, that the ascription of such a motive to Congress, is altogether gratuitous and inadmissible. The theory of our institutions would lead us to a different conclusion. But a perfect security against a proceeding so reckless, would be found to exist in the very nature of things. The political party which should be so blind to the true interests of the country, as to resort to such an expedient, would inevitably meet with a final overthrow in the fact that, the moment the paper ceased to be convertible into specie, or otherwise promptly redeemed, it would become worthless, and would, in the end, dishonor the Government, involve the people in ruin, and such political party in hopeless disgrace. At the same time, such a view involves the utter impossibility of furnishing any currency other than that of the precious metals, for if the Government itself cannot forego the temptation of excessive paper issues, what reliance can be placed in corporations upon whom the temptations of individual aggrandizement would most strongly operate? The people would have to blame none but themselves for any injury that might arise from a course so reckless, since their agents would be the wrong-doers, and they the passive spectators.

There can be but three kinds of public currency. 1st. Gold and silver; 2d. The paper of State institutions; or, 3d. A representative of the precious metals, provided by the General Government, or under its authority. The Sub-Treasury system rejected the last in any form; and, as it was believed that no reliance could be placed on the issue of local institutions, for the purposes of general circulation, it necessarily and unavoidably adopted specie as the exclusive currency for its own use. And this must ever be the case unless one of the other kinds be used. The choice, in the present state of public sentiment, lies between an exclusive specie currency on the one hand, and Government issues of some kind on the other. That these issues cannot be made by a chartered institution, is supposed to be conclusively settled. They must be made, then, directly by Government agents. For several years past they have been thus made in the form of Treasury notes, and have answered a valuable purpose. Their usefulness has been limited by their being transient and temporary; their ceasing to bear interest at given periods, necessarily causes their speedy return, and thus restricts their range of circulation, and being used only in the disbursements of the Government, they cannot reach those points where they are most required. By rendering their use permanent, to the moderate extent already mentioned, by offering no inducement for their return, and by exchanging them for coin and other values, they will constitute, to a certain extent, the general currency so much needed to maintain the internal trade of the country. And this is the Exchequer plan, so far as it may operate in furnishing a currency.

I cannot forego the occasion to urge its importance to the credit of the Government in a financial point of view. The great necessity of resorting to every proper and becoming expedient in order to place the Treasury on a footing of the highest respectability, is entirely obvious. The credit of the Government may be regarded as the very soul of the Government itself—a principle of vitality without which all its movements are languid and its operations embarrassed. In this spirit the Executive felt itself bound by the most imperative sense of duty to submit to Congress at its last session, the propriety of making a specific pledge of the land fund, as the basis for the negotiation of the Loans authorized to be contracted. I then thought that such an application of the public domain would, without doubt, have placed at the command of the Government, ample funds to relieve the Treasury from the temporary embarrassments under which it labored. American credit has suffered a considerable shock in Europe, from the large indebtedness of the States and the temporary inability of some of them to meet the interest on their debts. The utter and disastrous prostration of the United States Bank of Pennsylvania, had contributed largely to increase the sentiment of distrust by reason of the loss and ruin sustained by the holders of its stock, a large portion of whom were foreigners, and many of whom were alike ignorant of our political organization, and of our actual responsibilities. It was the anxious desire of the Executive that, in the effort to negotiate the loan abroad, the American negotiator might be able to point the money lender to the fund mortgaged for the redemption of the principal and interest of any loan he might contract, and thereby vindicate the Government from all suspicion of bad faith or inability to meet its engagements.

Congress differed from the Executive in this view of the subject. It became, nevertheless, the duty of the Executive to resort to every expedient in its power to negotiate the authorized loan. After a failure to do so in the American market, a citizen of high character and talent was sent to Europe with no better success; and thus the mortifying spectacle has been presented of the inability of this Government to obtain a loan so small as not in the whole to amount to more than its ordinary annual income; at a time when the Governments of Europe, although involved in debt, and with their subjects heavily burdened with taxation, readily obtain loans of any amount at a greatly reduced rate of interest. It would be unprofitable to look further into this anomalous state of things, but I cannot conclude without adding that, for a Government which has paid off its debts of two wars with the largest maritime power of Europe, and now owing a debt which is almost next to nothing when compared with its boundless resources, a Government the strongest in the world, because emanating from the popular will, and firmly rooted in the affections of a great and free people, and whose fidelity to its engagements has never been questioned: for such a Government to have tendered to the capitalists of other countries an opportunity for a small investment of its stock, and yet to have failed, implies either the most unfounded distrust in its good faith, or a purpose, to obtain which, the course pursued is the most fatal which could have been adopted.

It has now become obvious to all men that the Government must look to its own means for supplying its wants, and it is consoling to know that these means are altogether adequate for the object. The Exchequer, if adopted, will greatly aid in bringing about this result. Upon what I regard as a well-founded supposition that its bills would be readily sought for by the public creditors, and that the issue would in a short time reach the maximum of $15,000,000, it is obvious that $10,000,000 would thereby be added to the available means of the Treasury without cost or charge. Nor can I fail to urge the great and beneficial effects which would be produced in aid of all the active pursuits of life. Its effects upon the solvent State banks, while it would force into liquidation those of an opposite character through its weekly settlements, would be highly beneficial; and with the advantages of a sound currency, the restoration of confidence and credit would follow, with a numerous train of blessings. My convictions are most strong that these benefits would flow from the adoption of this measure; but if the result should be adverse, there is this security in connection with it, that the law creating it may be repealed at the pleasure of the Legislature, without the slightest implication of its good faith.

I recommend to Congress to take into consideration the propriety of re-imbursing a fine imposed on General Jackson at New Orleans, at the time of the attack and defence of that city and paid by him. Without designing any reflection on the judicial tribunal which imposed the fine, the remission at this day may be regarded as not unjust or inexpedient. The voice of the civil authority was heard amidst the glittering of arms and obeyed by those who held the sword, thereby giving additional lustre to a memorable military achievement. If the laws were offended, their majesty was fully vindicated; and although the penalty incurred and paid, is worthy of little regard in a pecuniary point of view, it can hardly be doubted that it would be gratifying to the war-worn veteran, now in retirement, and in the winter of his days, to be relieved from the circumstances in which that judgment placed him. There are cases in which public functionaries may be called on to weigh the public interest against their own personal hazards, and if the civil law be violated from praiseworthy motives, or an overruling sense of public danger and public necessity, punishment may well be restrained within that limit which asserts and maintains the authority of the law, and the subjection of the military to the civil power.

The defence of New Orleans, while it saved a city from the hands of the enemy, placed the name of General Jackson among those of the greatest Captains of the age, and illustrated one of the brightest pages of our history. Now that the causes of excitement, existing at the time, have ceased to operate, it is believed that the remission of this fine, and whatever of gratification that remission might cause the eminent man who incurred and paid it, would be in accordance with the general feeling and wishes of the American People.

I have thus, fellow-citizens, acquitted myself of my duty under the Constitution, by laying before you, as succinctly as I have been able, the state of the Union, and by inviting your attention to measures of much importance to the country. The Executive will most zealously unite its efforts with those of the Legislative Department in the accomplishment of all that is required to relieve the wants of a common constituency, or elevate the destinies of a beloved country.

JOHN TYLER.

Washington, December, 1842.

Items of News.

Amusing.—A convention of men and women, a few days ago, in Boston, passed the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the assumption of authority by man over man, *in the form of human governments*, is a usurpation of the prerogative of our Creator, and a gross imposition upon the human family, which far transcends in wickedness any of the acts of violence and wrong, which such governments are instituted to punish.

Resolved, That *the use of the elective franchise*, under the Constitution of the United States, involves the sacrifice of our common humanity, and the rejection of the gospel of peace.

Resolved. That the Constitution of the United States, and the Constitution of every State in the Union, according to the Democratic theory of government, and the Declaration of Independence, are based on usurpation, inasmuch as they proscribe one half of the people, on account of their *sex* from the *exercise* and enjoyment of what are called *civil and political rights*; and consequently, that whoever votes to sustain these instruments, votes to uphold and perpetuate an *atrocious despotism!*

The Poisoned Beef.—It will be remembered that some time since a number of families in New York were poisoned by eating smoked beef. The Common Council of that city gave some of the meat to a committee of physicians, to analyze. Examination revealed the presence of no poison, vegetable or mineral, and the committee came to the conclusion that the animal from which the beef in question was taken, had been affected with some disease, rendering its flesh highly poisonous as food. They then made enquiries which lead them to suppose that this beef might have probably been from cattle diseased with what is called "the milk sickness."

Hard Times in Florida.—The Tallahassee Star says there are 1278 cases set down for trial on the civil docket before the Supreme Court, now in session at that place. The Star adds:—"Property will not command money—cotton, the great staple of the country, cannot be sold for cash, in this market. Houses and lands are valueless, when placed in competition with dollars and cents. Property sold under execution at this time, will hardly sell for sufficient to pay the costs of suit, sale, and the fees of the officers."

Fire at Oswego.—A great fire occurred at Oswego, N. Y., on the 29th of November. It commenced in Fitzburgh & Co's flour mill, consumed that building, their warehouse for storing goods, a large building used for storing produce and goods, T. Wiman's flouring mill, L. Wright & Co's flouring mill, a machine shop and planing mill, a plaster mill and eight or ten small buildings on the opposite side of the street. The amount of loss is said to exceed $100,000.

The Boundary.—The length of the Boundary Line between the British possessions and the United States, from the St. Croix River, in Maine, to the Rocky Mountains, is 3130 miles. Of these, 460 border on Maine, 10 on New Hampshire, 90 on Vermont, 420 on New York, 30 on Pennsylvania, 200 on Ohio, 740 on Michigan, and 1150 on the Territory West of Lake Superior.

Cheap Living.—In the provision market of Columbus, Ohio, last week, the finest turkies were selling at twenty-five cents each; geese at eighteen cents; ducks at sixteen cents the pair; and chickens at seventy-five cents a dozen—sixpence a piece. Beef at two cents per pound, and other eatables in proportion.

☞ Samuel G. Arnold, recently editor of the Highland Democrat, has taken charge of the Female Institute at White Plains. The editor of the New York Union anxiously enquires: Are there any more such vacancies?

☞ It is said that in Johnstown, N. Y., every man, woman and child, have signed the pledge of total abstinence, excepting two, who are dealers in spirituous drinks! The two will have to "patronise" each other.

Sands' Sarsaparilla.—Diseases of the skin are very numerous, and their pathology hitherto has been involved in much obscurity. Salt Rheum, for instance, embraces no less than forty different varieties of cutaneous diseases; but the name itself simply implies the discharge of a saltish fluid from the abraded surface. All these diseases, viz:—Ringworm, Tetter, Scald Head, Lepra, Eczema, &c., have their origin in an impure state of the system and deranged condition of the digestive organs generally. The stomach, owing to an unhealthy flow of bile, is unable to perform its functions properly, and the skin sympathises with it, causing dryness and itching sensations at one time—at another a moisture and general relaxation. The patient is first annoyed with a burning and peculiar tingling in the skin, which induces rubbing; in a short time small watery vesicles appear, that discharge and run, leaving the skin raw and sore; then follow scabs or scales, which dry up, and for a short time there is no appearance of disease. But it soon breaks out again, and goes through the same course, continuing gradually to increase in extent, until the whole body is enveloped in disease.

Sands' Sarsaprilla is, from experience, proved to be a radical cure for this class of diseases, owing to its peculiar operation on the system. It enters into the circulation, and its influence is felt to the remotest parts of the system. It gives tone and energy to the powers of nature, and the blood—the grand fountain of health and life—is renovated by its use; the constitution rallies, disease is thrown off, and the patient restored to perfect health.

Prepared and sold at wholesale and retail by A. B. Sands & Co., Druggists and Chemists, 273 Broadway, N. Y. Sold in Philadelphia by S. P. Thompson, corner 5th and Spruce sts.; by Dr. D. Jayne, 20 South 3d st., and by F. Klett & Co., corner 2d and Callowhill sts. Price, $1 per bottle.

Colds, Coughs, and Consumption.—It should be remembered that a cough is always an evidence that some impurity has lodged in the lungs, which, if not speedily removed, will so irritate those delicate organs as sooner or later to produce inflammation of the lungs, a form of disease which we all know is the high road to consumption.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are a most delightful medicine for carrying off a cold, because they expel from the system those morbid and corrupt humors, (the cause of every kind of disease,) in so easy and natural a manner, that the body is relieved of all its suffering as if by magic.

Four or five of said Indian Vegetable Pills, taken every night on going to bed, will in a few days remove the most obstinate cold; at the same time, the digestive organs will be restored to a healthy tone, and the blood so completely purified, that inflammation of the lungs, consumption or any other form of disease, will be absolutely impossible.

Beware of Counterfeits. The public will be on their guard against travelling impostors; and remember that Pills sold by one V. O. Falck, and David Parker, are not the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

All who sell genuine medicine are provided with a certificate of agency, signed by William Wright; consequently, those who offer Indian Pills for sale, and cannot show a certificate as above described, will be known as impostors.

Offices devoted exclusively to the sale of the medicine, wholesale and retail, number 169, RACE STREET, PHILADA., No. 288, Greenwich Street, New York, and No. 198, Tremont Street, Boston.

N.B.—*Be particular to ask for the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.*

The Markets.

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

	Price sold for.
30 shares Commercial Bank,	31
27 do. Philada. & Trenton R. R.	50
12 do. Mechanics Bank,	18
12 do. Kentucky Bank,	42½
10 do. Louisville Bank,	55
1 do. North America Bank.	175½
$4500 Wilmington R. R. 6's, 1858,	55a56½
$6000 Tenn. 5 per ct Bonds,	59
$2000 Reading R. R. 6's, 1850,	50
$3400 City 5's, 1856,	94
$100 City 5's, 1864,	93½
$595 State 6's, 1846,	40a41½
$300 State 5's, 1853,	37½

New Counterfeits.

Hudson River Bank, Hudson, N. Y.—10's, spurious, letter A. Vignette, figure of Justice, with sword and scales, and a ship. H. Elmendorf, Cash., Thos Cranston, Prest.

Otsego County Bank, Cooperstown, N. Y.—2's, letter D, pay W. Strong, Feb. 22, 1842. W. Scott, Cashier, Robert Campbell, Prest. Paper light.

Salem Banking Company, Salem, N. J.—10's altered from counterfeit 5's. Vignette, Arms of the State. The medallion, in which is the denomination, on the upper part of the right end partially covers the words "New Jersey," and "Ten dollars" are cramped, and over-run on the "on demand."

Bank of Marietta, Marietta, Ohio.

10's, 20's, 50's, altered from 3's. Engraved by Murray, Draper, Fairman & Co. This bank has no notes of a larger denomination than 5's engraved by this house.

Bank of Norwalk, Norwalk, Ohio.—5's, spurious. Vignette two Indians, and steamboat in the distance—totally unlike the genuine.

20, spurious. Vignette a farmer's boy holding in one hand a sickle; on right end a locomotive, on the left a ship. No resemblance to the true notes.

50's, spurious. Vignette a sailor seated on bales of goods and holding the American flag; vessels in the distance, which are not on the genuine.—*Bick. Reporter.*

Retail Prices in Market.

Beef, best, per lb.	8a10	Smearcase, qt.	5a 6
" middling,	4a 6	Indian Meal, ½ peck,	8a 9
" corned,	4a 7	Rye Flour, qr. cwt	56a62½
Veal,	4a 7	Wheat "	70a75
Mutton,	3a 5	Buckwheat qr. cwt.	62a68
Pork, fresh, per lb.	4a 8	Potatoes, ½ pk.	5a 6
" pickled, "	6a 8	Eggs, per doz.	18a20
Hams, Jersey,	8a10	Walnuts qr. peck,	4a 5
Jersey Sausage, lb.	9a10	Parsnips, qr. peck,	3a 4
Jowls,	2a 3	Pickles, per 100,	25a31½
Dried Beef,	9a10	Beets, bunch,	2a 3
Cheese, lb.	6a12	Carrots, bunch,	2a 3
Butter, lb.	15a20	Turnips, qr. peck,	3a 4
Lard, "	9a11	Onions, rope,	5a 6
Beef's Tongue,	31a56	Sand Peas, qt.	7a 8
Pigs, whole,	50a81½	Radishes, bunch,	1a 2
Pigs' Feet, set,	10a15	Horseradish, root,	1a 2
Sheep Tongues, dz.	25a31	Hominy, quart,	8a 9
Blood Pudding,	6a 7	Beans, quart,	9a10
Fowls, pair,	31a60	Lima Beans, qt.	8a10
" " Live,	37a56	Rhubarb, bunch,	3a 4
Chickens, live,	23a44	Dried Cherries, qt.	6a 7
Do. dead,	25a44	Parsimons, qt.	3a 4
Turkeys,	50a81	Shellbarks, qt.	3a 4
Guinea Fowls, pair,	31a37½	Cellery, bunch,	3a 6
Pigeons, pair,	18a25	Cabbage, head,	2a 4
Ducks, pair,	44a62½	Green apples, ½ pk.	10a18
Geese, "	37a68	Dried do.	15a18
Pheasants, "	37a50	Pears,	20a25
Rabbits,	12a15	Chesnuts qt.	10a12
Opossum,	15a40	Sweet Potatoes, ½ pk.	5a 6
Salmon, pickled, lb.	10a12½	Cranberries quart,	8a12
" fresh,	13a15	Honey lb.	12a15
" dry, lb.	18a18½	Scrapple, qt.	5a 6
Pickled Cod, "	4a 5	Oysters per 100,	20a40
Fresh do. "	5a 6	Terrapins half doz.	75a92½
Perch per string,	12a18½	Pork in the hog,	$4a$4½
Rock per lb.	8a10	Sour Cheese lb.	8a10

The abundance and rich variety in our markets are much the same as last week. Poultry has slightly declined, from the increased quantity which continues to come in, and apples have also fallen off a little from the same cause. They are now selling at from $1½ to $2 per barrel. There are no great variety of fish in market, though there is a quantity of the finest oysters, and at extremely low prices. Among the articles exposed to sale from the farmer's wagons which lined Second street, were oats at 28 cts. per bushel; buckwheat meal at $2½ per cwt; pumpkins at 10a15 cts each, and sheepskins at from 62½ to 75 cents. Pork in the hog at $4a $4½ per 100 pounds; apples 75a$1½ per bag, and new corn at 45 cents per bushel.—*Public Ledger.*

Philadelphia Market.

Bark—No farther sales of Quercitron.

Coffee—The market is inactive.

Flour and Meal—Dull, and but little enquiry for export. Sales in small parcels at $4,37½ per bbl. Rye Flour and Corn Meal remain without variation in prices, with small sales.

Grain—Wheat, since the decline in Flour, has not been so much enquired after. Sales of inferior to good Pa. red at 88 to 93 cts per bushel. Holders asked 94a95 cts. Corn—A number of vessels which had been frozen fast in the ice have arrived, and the sales have been to some extent at 40a41 cts for new white, and 42a43 cents for flat yellow. No old Pa. round in market. Oats—Sales of Southern at 23 cts per bushel.

Seeds—Market very quiet.

Sugars—Sales moderate at steady prices. About 100 hhds of new crop New Orleans, the first received this season, arrived in the ship St. Louis.

Whiskey—Sales in bbls at 22 cts.—*North American.*

Cattle Markets.

Philadelphia, Dec. 3.—The offering comprised 810 Beeves, including 170 Virginia and Ohio; 317 Cows and Calves; 420 Swine, of which 240 were from Ohio, and the balance Pa. and New Jersey; and 1070 Sheep. Beef Cattle, owing to increased supplies, have again declined; 700 head were taken, including 235 for N. York, at $4 a$4 50 per 100 lbs, as in quality. Cows and Calves sold at $3a$10 for dry Cows; $10a$17 for springers; and $18a$30 each for milch Cows. Swine have declined; all offered but 50 were taken at from $3 to 4 per 100 lbs. Sheep are also lower—The sales ranging from 90 cts to $2,62½ each, as in quality.

Baltimore, Dec. 5.—Cattle—The offerings of Beef Cattle amounted to upwards of 5000 head, chiefly taken by butchers and speculators, at from $3,50a5 per 100 lbs nett.

SPLENDID ENGLISH ANNUALS, FOR 1843.—Now ready and for sale by the Importer, GEORGE S. APPLETON, 148 Chesnut street.—

The Keepsake, edited by the Countess of Blessington, splendidly illustrated with numerous highly finished engravings, bound in crimson silk.

This elegant volume contains contributions in prose and verse by many distinguished writers, among others Barry Cornwall, W. S. Landor, Lord Manners, Isabella R. Romer, Mrs. Abdy, Marchioness of Hastings, Mrs. Hall, etc. etc.

The Book of Beauty, edited by the Countess of Blessington, elegantly finished with highly finished portraits of various ladies of distinction, beautifully bound in silk.

The splendid volume contains a pleasing variety in prose and verse, contributed by various distinguished writers, such as Sir E. L. Bulwer, Sir H. Fleetwood, Sir J. Hammer, Lord John Manners, Lord William Lennox, Lady Wortley, Wm. S. C. Hall, Miss Ellen Power, Mrs. C. B. Wilson, etc.

The American in Paris, or Picturesque Annual, being a Picture of Parisian Life in the Court, the Saloon, and the Family Circle, with a graphic description of the Public Amusements and Festivities; illustrated with 18 splendid plates, elegantly bound.

Forget Me Not, a Christmas, New Year, and Birthday Present, edited by Frederick Shoberl, containing 10 beautiful plates, elegantly bound in morocco.

Friendship's Offering and Winter Wreath, a Christmas and New Year Present, containing contributions from various popular writers, illustrated with 10 fine plates, in embossed morocco binding.

English Pearls, or Portraits for the Boudoir; a series of highly finished engravings, with poetical illustrations.

The Gem of Loveliness; illustrated with 8 plates, and a pleasing variety in prose and verse, bound in green silk.

The above variety of these splendid illustrated works surpass, in beauty of engraving and selection of subjects, those of previous years.

G. S. A. offers for sale at retail, FISHER'S DRAWING ROOM SCRAP BOOK, for 1843. Price $4.

☞ Also, an extensive assortment of Standard and Pictorial Works, in elegant bindings, suitable for the approaching Holidays. dec 10

ALMANAC.

Dec. 1842.	Sun rises	Sun sets	High water	Moon's phases
10 Saturday,	7 23	4 37	8 30	
11 Sunday,	7 23	4 37	9 10	D. H. M.
12 Monday,	7 24	4 36	9 52	
13 Tuesday,	7 24	4 36	10 37	New 1 11 34
14 Wednes.	7 24	4 36	11 28	First 9 5 31
15 Thursday,	7 24	4 36	12 17	Full 17 1 49
16 Friday,	7 25	4 35	1 2	L'st 24 11 44
17 Saturday,	7 25	4 35	1 40	New 31 1 39

Married,

On the 5th instant, in the presence of John M. Scott, Mayor, with Friends' ceremony, Jacob Hamer, Jr. to Sarah Ann, daughter of Thos. Clark, all of this city.

On the 3d instant, by Elder Frederick Plummer, Mr. Wm. S. Wismer, of this city, to Miss Rebecca R. Levett, of Bristol, Bucks county.

At Baltimore, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Heiner, Mr. John G. Eckman, of Philada. to Miss Julia A. Cunningham, daughter of the late James M. Cunningham, of Baltimore.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. John Rorr, of New Jersey, Robert H. Hay, to Mary Jane, youngest daughter of Mr. N. Drew.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. George Higgins, Mr. Richard J. Hoffner, to Miss Anna George, both of Southwark.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. John Coleman, D.D., Mr. Charles Keene, of Alexandria, D. C. to Miss Emma C. daughter of the late Mr. John Hammitt, of this city.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Blythe, at Woodbury, N. J., Charles E. Flemming, U. S. N. to Elizabeth S. Babcock, of this city.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. John D Onins, Mr. George Wistar, to Miss Elizabeth Little, both of Philadelphia.

At Allentown, N. J. on the 1st inst. by the Rev. Henry Perkins, Lemuel S. Fithian, of Philada. to Anna Clinton, daughter of R. L. Beatty, Esq. of the former place.

On 5th day, the 1st inst. according to the order of the Religious Society of Friends, Robt. Biddle, to Anna, daughter of Daniel L. Miller, all of this city.

On the 1st inst. at St. Stephen's Church, by the Rev. Doctor Ducachet, Henry R. Tatham, to Isabella L. daughter of John Tolbert, deceased.

At Pittsburg, on the 22d ult. by the Rev. Geo. Upfold, D.D., William R. Olden, of Flushing, Bucks county, to Sarah, daughter of Charles H. Israell, Esq. of the former place.

On the 23d ult. at Lewisburg, Va. by the Rev. Mr. McElhenny, Com. John Brazier, of the U. S. Navy, to Eliza McKenzie, daughter of Samuel Corrie, Esq. of Charleston.

At Chesnut Hill, near Newark, Del. on the 29th ult. by the Rev. S. R. Wynkoop, Rev. Elijah Wilson, formerly of Philadelphia, to Miss Ann, daughter of Andrew Gray, Esq.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. Wm. Douglass, John L. Hart, to Mrs Elizabeth P. Henry, both of this city.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. Albert Barnes, Mr. Henry L. Churchman, of Naaman's Creek, Del. to Miss Sarah, daughter of Alexander W. Reed, Esq. of Moyamensing.

On the 6th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Wiggins, Mr. Samuel B. Drake, to Miss Miriam McMullin, both of Spring Garden.

In Reading, Berks county, on the 29th ult. by the Rev. A. L. Herman, D. Lewellyn Beaver, M.D. formerly of Chester county, to Miss Rebecca Rothermel, of Berks county, Pa.

On the 13th ult. at Christ Church, Hudson, N. Y. by the Rev. Pierre T. Babbit, J. Van Rensselaer, to Mary Alice, daughter of James Fleming, Esq.

Died,

Suddenly, on the 5th inst. in the 31st year of her age, Miss Elizabeth Evans, eldest daughter of Robt. Evans.

Suddenly, on the 4th inst. Dr. James A. Thackara, in the 47th year of his age.

On the 5th inst. Mrs. Rebecca Rue, aged 37 years.

On 2d-day morning, the 5th instant, Jacob Zorns, of Montgomery county, father of Dr. Zorns, of this city, in the 75th year of his age.

On the 6th inst. after a short illness, Elizabeth, wife of George H. Hart.

On the 5th inst. Mr. Jacob Finn, in the 84th year of his age.

On the 5th inst. John Stille, in the 76th year of his age.

In New York, on the 2d inst. Uriah Travis, aged 99 years.

In New York, Daniel Smith, a native of Scotland.

On the 4th inst. Mrs. Jane McKenzie, wife of the late James Morton, in the 51st year of her age.

On the 2d inst. Elizabeth, wife of Wm. Brown, in the 24th year of her age.

On the 4th inst. Thomas H. Fassitt, son of Thomas S. R. Fassitt, in the 21st year of his age.

Suddenly, on the 1st inst. in the 59th year of his age, Henry Morris, Esq. Sheriff of the city and county.

On the 1st inst. Anna Maria, wife of Captain Wm. West, Jr.

On the 1st inst. John McGreenan, aged 58 years.

In N. Y. on the 30th ult. William Jones, comedian, aged 61 years.

On the 1st inst. James L. Munns, in the 38th year of his age.

On the 3d inst. Miss Elizabeth Fordham, in the 72th year of her age.

On the 23d ultimo, Rosa Espinosa Santa Maria, of Mexico.

At Westtown boarding school, on the 1st inst. Henry C. son of R. Williams, in the 15th year of his age.

On the 4th inst. Mrs. Mary C. Blaisie, in the 74th year of her age.

On the 4th inst. Isaac Moses, in the 31th year of his age.

On the 4th inst. after a long and protracted illness, which she bore with Christian resignation, Mrs. Mary T. Bellangee, widow of the late John Bellangee, and daughter of Wm. Trout, of Bordentown, N. J.

On the 5th inst. Isabella Bonner, aged 20 years.

On 1st-day, the 4th inst. Rebecca C. only daughter of Wm. Biddle, in the 12th year of her age.

On the 4th inst. John Buckley, son of Mrs. Jane Buckley, in the 9th year of his age.

At Mobile, on the 24th ult. Joseph Jefferson, a native of Philadelphia, aged 38 years.

In Washington, on the 4th inst. Thomas Smallman, a citizen of Philadelphia, aged 41 years.

On the 1st inst. Mr. Alexander S. Reed.

On the 2d instant, Mrs. Lydia Bass, wife of Samuel Bass.

On the 30th ult. Miss Mary Louder, aged 20 years.

On the 2d inst. in the 3d year of his age, George W. infant son of Geo and Charlotte Tracy.

Suddenly, on the 2d inst. Mrs. Margaret Benner, in the 67th year of her age.

On the 2d inst. after a lingering illness, Susan Cecilia Bishop, daughter of George and Catharine Bishop, in the 19th year of her age.

On the 1st inst. after a lingering illness, Miss Sarah A. Mower, in the 18th year of her age.

On the 1st inst. Mrs. Eunice W. Thacher, widow of the late David Thacher, formerly of Dartmouth, Mass. in the 69th year of her age.

On the 1st inst. after a short and severe illness, Rachel Gibson, aged 40 years.

On the 2d inst. Mrs. Catharine Reyley, in the 37th year of her age.

At St. Louis, Mo. at the residence of her son, James C. Stewart, on the 15th ult. Mrs. Letitia Dover, in the 65th year of her age, late of Frankford, Philadelphia county.

At Manahawkin, N. J. on Tuesday morning, 29th ult. Thomas S. Oliphant, son of Benj. Oliphant, in the 17th year of his age.

HEALTH OFFICE, DECEMBER 3, 1842.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township, and Kensington, From the 26th of November to the 3d of December.

Diseases.	Adults.	Children.	Diseases.	Adults.	Children.
Asthma,	1	0	Brought over,	18	26
Abscess of Lungs,	1	0	Inflammation of the Brain,	1	1
Apoplexy,	1	0			
Burns,	1	1	—Bronchi,	2	3
Cancer,	1	0	—Lungs,	1	3
Croup,	0	5	—Stomach,	1	0
Consumption of the Lungs,	3	1	—Stomach and Bowels,	1	0
Convulsions,	0	6	—Bowels,	1	1
Dropsy,	2	0	—Breast,	0	1
—Head,	0	2	Icterus,	0	1
Disease of Lungs,	0	1	Malformation,	0	1
—Liver,	1	0	Marasmus,	1	4
—Stomach,	0	1	Old Age,	1	0
Drowned,	1	0	Palsy,	2	0
Debility,	0	3	Scirrhus,	1	0
Erysipelas,	0	1	Scrofula,	1	0
Enlargement of the Heart,	1	0	Small Pox,	0	1
			Still Born,	0	13
Fever, Bilious	1	0	Suffocation,	1	0
—Puerperal,	2	0	Ulceration of the Bladder,	1	0
—Scarlet,	0	5			
—Typhoid,	2	0	Unknown,	4	1
			Whooping Cough,	0	2
Carried over,	18	26	Total, 95—	37	58

Of the above there were 6 from the almshouse, 1 from the country, and 11 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Nov. 27,	30	32	32
28,	23	29	29
29,	23	29	32
30,	27	29	33
Dec. 1,	24	31	36
2,	33	35	37
3	31	30	40

INFORMATION IS WANTED OF PATRICK McCOY, son of Neal McCoy, of county of Donegal, Parish of Kilmacrenan, town of Skirry, Ireland. Said Patrick came to Canada about eight years ago, and it is thought he since came to the State of New York. His two brothers who are now in Philadelphia are anxious to hear from him. Any information relative to him will be gladly received by letter or otherwise addressed to Neal McCoy, care of Chas. Lafferty, corner of Lombard and Schuylkill Second street, Philadelphia. dec 10-4t*

☞ Other editors will please give one or two insertions.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR PRESENTS.—The subscriber respectfully invites the attention of his friends and the public to his assortment of Books for Presents for the coming Holidays. Among which will be found all the Annuals for 1843. A beautiful variety of Bibles and Prayer Books, and a large assortment of Miscellaneous Books in handsome binding suitable for children or adults, for sale at the lowest prices. JAMES S. SIMON, 5th street above Spruce, late Redman's Bookstore. dec 10-4t

LAW NOTICE.—THE LEGAL BUSINESS of the subscribers in all the Courts—except the Criminal—will hereafter be transacted in the joint name of JOHNSON & GREEN.

Office, No. 41 SOUTH SIXTH street, opposite the Court House. OVID F. JOHNSON, ASHBEL GREEN, Jr.

A. G. Jr. has removed his Office, as *New Jersey Commissioner*, from No. 62 Walnut street, to the above. dec 10-3t

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT DAVID D. MITCHELL, of the city of Burlington, in the State of New Jersey, hath this day made an assignment to the subscriber, of his estate for the equal benefit of his creditors, and that the said creditors must exhibit their respective claims under oath or affirmation within the term of six months.
FRANKLIN WOOLMAN,
Burlington, N. J. Nov 29, 1842. (dec 3 3t) Assignee.

TO DENTISTS.—I AM NOW PREPARED TO fill orders to any amount, with assorted colors, and to match all samples that may be sent. Molars, Bicuspids, etc. equal to any manufactured, will be sold at the rate of $6 00 per hundred. ELLIS MIDDLETON, Surgeon Dentist, and Manufacturer of Porcelain Teeth. Removed to Arch st. three doors below Seventh. dec 3-4t*

NOTICE.

LETTERS of administration to the Estate of JAMES WALTON, late of Byberry Township, County of Philadelphia, having been granted to the subscribers, all persons indebted to said decedent are requested to make payment, and all having claims or demands against his estate, to make known the same without delay to
YARNALL WALTON, Warminster, Bucks Co.
WM. WALTON, 143 Market street, Philada.,
nov 19-6t Administrators.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST, BY E. W. CLARK & CO. BROKERS, No. 35 South Third Street. *Philadelphia, December, 10th, 1842.*

MAINE.	
Calais bank,	10
Agricultural bank,	-
City bk. Portland,	-
Damariscotta,	-
Mercantile bank,	-
Stillwater canal bk.	-
Bangor Com. bank,	-
Westbrook bank,	-
Citizens bank,	-
Globe bank,	-
Washington co.	-
Frankford bank,	-
All solvent banks	½a1
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks	½a1
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans,	5
Bk. of Bennington,	90 dis
All solvent banks	½a1
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks	½a1
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks,	½a1
NEW YORK.	
New York City,	½ dis
Tenth Ward bank,	fraud
North River Bank'g Co.	do
City Trust & Bank'g Co.	do
Globe Bank,	do
Wool Growers bank	failed
Millers bk of Clyde	25
Far. bk. Seneca co.	50
Com bk. New York	2½
Lafayette bank,	-
N. Y. Bkg. Co.	-
Dry Dock bank,	1
N. Am. Trust Co.	-
Bk. Buffalo,	10
Lewis Co	25a30
Com. bk. Buffalo,	30
All solvent banks,	½a1
Country banks,	1 dis
Except bk of Columbia, Green Co. Hudson, Middle Districts, Plattsburg, Niagara, Wash. and Warren, Wash. Man. Co., Wayne County bank, Mer. & Planters,	Broken.
Delaware Co. bank,	fraud
Ex. bk Po'keepsie,	do
Potsdam Manufac. Co.	do
Red Backs,	1½ dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Mechanics' and Manufacturers bk at Trenton,	par
Princeton bank,	par
State bank at Camden,	par
Cumberland bank,	par
Mount Holly,	par
Salem Banking Co.	par
N. Hope D. Bridge,	nomi'l
Tren. Banking Co. old	par
New plate,	par
All other banks,	par
Farmers and Mechanics bk of N. Brunswick,	no sale
Hobo. bking & G Co.	broke
Washington b'king Co.	do
Franklin bank,	do
Jersey City bank,	do
Monmouth,	do
N. J. Manufac. Co.	do
Protec. and Lombard,	do
Salem & Phil. Man. Co.	do
State bank at Trenton,	do
Bank of N. Brunswick,	do
Mec. bk Patterson,	do
PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks,	par
Man. and Mec. bk.	7 dis
Moyamensing bank	7 dis
Penn Township bank	par
U. S. Bank notes,	56 dis
Girard do.	48 dis
Penna. do.	14 dis
Germantown,	par
Del. co. at Chester,	par
Chest'r co. at W. Chest'r	par
Montgomery county,	par
Farmers bk Bucks co.	par
Farmers bk Reading,	9½ dis
Easton,	par
Northampton,	92 dis
Lancaster bank,	1½ dis
Far. bk Lancaster,	1½ dis
Lebanon,	7 dis
Harrisburg,	9 dis
Middletown,	7½ dis
Carlisle,	8 dis
Columbia Bridge,	8 dis
Northumberland,	7½ dis
Miners bk at Potts.	9 dis
Wy'g bk Wilk'sbarre,	10 dis
Pitts. demand notes,	1½ dis
" Certificates,	1½ dis
" Post notes,	1½ dis
Towanda,	-
York,	8 dis
Gettysburg,	8 dis
Chambersburg,	8 dis
Waynesburg, p. notes,	11 dis
" demand notes,	11 dis
Brownsville p. notes,	4 dis
" demand notes,	4 dis
Erie,	6 dis
Berks county bank,	60 dis
Honesdale,	1½ dis
Bk Susquehanna co.	10 dis
Lewistown,	20 dis
Lum. bk Warren,	no sale
West Branch bank,	55 dis
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks,	½ dis
Patapsco banks,	½ dis
Mineral bank,	3 dis
Frederickstown,	2 dis
Hagerstown,	2 dis
Westminster,	2 dis
Williamsport,	3 dis
Cumberland,	7 dis
Salisbury,	7½ dis
Franklin bank,	20 dis
Susquehanna,	broke
Millington,	broke
Frederick County bk.	2 dis
Broken bks.	various prices
Balt. Ohio R.R. notes,	60 dis
DELAWARE.	
Bank of Delaware,	par
Wilmington and Bran.	par
Farmer's bk Delaware,	par
Union bank,	par
Bank of Smyrna,	par
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.	
Washington City,	½ dis
Georgetown,	½ dis
Far. & Mechanics,	½ dis
Alexandria,	½ dis
Bank of Alexandria,	broke
Mechanics bank,	broke
Franklin bank,	no sale
Merchant's bank,	do
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va & branches,	1½ dis
Farmer's bk & brchs,	1½ dis
Valley bk & branch,	1½ dis
Ex. bk & branches,	1½ dis
Wheeling,	4 dis
Wheeling post notes,	4 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks,	2
Small notes,	3
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	2
Small notes	4
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St. Mary's	3
Ocmulgee,	-
Monroe R. R.	-
Columbus,	-
Phenix bk.	-
Exchange bk.	-
Chat. R. R. bank,	-
Central bk. of Mill.	
Georgia R. R. Co.	-
Ruckersv. Bkg. Co.	-
All solvent banks	2a3
ALABAMA.	
All solvent banks	12½ dis
Small notes	13 dis
OHIO.	
Cincinnati	4 dis
Bank notes,	4 dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois,	70 dis
State bank,	75 dis
KENTUCKY.	
Notes,	3½ dis
Small Notes,	5 dis
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks	5
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks	4 dis
INDIANA.	
All solvent banks	4 dis
FLORIDA.	
S'rn Life & Tr. Co.	-
CANADA.	
Montreal	5
Exchange on New York,	½ dis a ½ prem.
" Boston,	" "
" Baltimore,	½ dis
Specie,	par
Country Relief Notes,	11 dis
City Relief Notes,	13½ dis

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nov 12 ly CHAMBERS & HENDRY.

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☞ For recommendations of these works see all the newspapers in the United States. oct 22 3m

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DR. A. C. DRAPER informs the public that he has returned to the city, and is now prepared to attend to the duties of his profession. Dr. D. has made himself acquainted with all the recent discoveries and improvements which have been made in Europe and America in the various departments of the Healing Arts. Familiar with the practice pursued in the *Hospitals of London and Paris*, and with all the remedies used in the *Allopathic Homoepathic* and *Thomsonian practice*. Dr. Draper confidentially assures the afflicted that he has it in his power to *mitigate the symptoms of all diseases and entirely cure a great many maladies* which heretofore have resisted the ordinary modes of practice. In the administration of *Vapor Baths*. Mrs. D. will attend to the Ladies department.

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IMPORTANT TO THE DEAF.—We commend to the particular attention of those desirous of having their hearing restored, "Scarpa's Oil for Deafness." We hear it highly spoken of by those who have used it, and who, of course, know its value.—*Daily Chronicle.*

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Price $10,00 per dozen, or $1 for a single bottle. Terms cash. Letters must be post paid. sep 10-6

Gems from the Poets.

SONNETS.

BY LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY.

I.

"My God, where is that ancient heat towards thee,
Wherewith whole shoals of martyrs once did burn,
Besides their other flames? Doth poetry
Wear Venus' livery? only serve her turn?
Why are not sonnets made of thee? and lays
Upon thine altar burnt? Cannot thy love
Heighten a spirit to sound out thy praise
As well as any she? Cannot thy dove
Outstrip their Cupid easily in flight?
Or since thy ways are deep and still the same,
Will not a verse run smooth that bears thy name?
Why doth that fire, which by thy power and might
Each heart doth feel, no braver fuel choose
Than that which one day worms may chance refuse!

II.

"Sure, Lord, there is enough in thee to dry
Oceans of ink; for as the deluge did
Cover the earth, so doth thy majesty;
Each cloud distils thy praise, and doth forbid
Poets to turn it to another use.
Roses and lilies speak Thee; and to make
A pair of cheeks of them is thy abuse.
Why should I women's eyes for crystal take?
Such poor invention burns in their low mind
Whose fire is wild, and doth not upward go
To praise and on thee, Lord, some ink bestow.
Open the bones, and you shall nothing find
In the best face but filth; when, Lord, in thee
The beauty lies—in the discovery."

Popular Lectures.

(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS PAPER.)

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

"Ring the bell—draw up the curtain—and let the drama begin."

LECTURE IX.

THE REIGN OF TERROR.

Robespierre and his Triumvirate—Payen's Letter—Robespierre's Power—Manufacture of Arms—Fears of Assassination—Fouquier Tinville's Tribunal of all Work—Blood Channels—Human Tanneries and Guillotine Wigs—An Anecdote—Anonymous Letters and Terrors of the Robespierrians—Attempts at Assassination—Cecile Renaud—Tappe-durs—Execution of the Princess Elizabeth—Modes of Trial and Accusations—Guillotine Statistics—Anecdotes of Fleury and Lavoisier—Other Anecdotes—Suicides—Robespierre finds religion useful—His Hypocritico-philosophic Speech in favor of the Supreme Being—Victory and a good Harvest—Convention condescends to decree that "there is a Supreme Being"—Festival to the Supreme Being—The Guillotine and Azrael, the Angel of Death.

The dread triumvirate—Robespierre, Couthon, and St. Just—with Fouquier Tinville as public accuser, Collot d'Herbois and others equally atrocious, now reigned in blood. All their acts—Robespierre being Supreme Director, were founded according to his speeches before the paralyzed Convention, in a kind of philosophic fanaticism. Several new Tribunals, subordinate to the parent Revolutionary Tribunal, were formed, with twelve houses of arrest—the prisons containing from 7000 to 10,000 persons; and this horrible system was supported by the Jacobin Club, the Municipalities and the vilest of the populace. To show the sanguinary fanaticism that prevailed, I will read a letter addressed to Robespierre by Payen, his friend in the Municipality of Paris. "Would you strike to the earth the refractory deputies, bring forward a report that may strike at once all the disaffected. Pass decrees to restrain the public journals; render all the public functionaries responsible to you alone. I repeat it; you require a vast report, which may embrace at once all the conspirators, and blend them altogether." Although Robespierre depreciated the value of the victories on the frontier and Low Countries, and even evinced jealousy of Carnot who was constantly "organizing victory"—lest the generals should gain too much influence and popularity; yet he possessed an immense military power. Henriot, his supporter at the expense of any crime, commanded the forces in the capital, and France had altogether fourteen armies on foot; while every street and every city resounded with the noise of forges manufacturing arms and shot. The terrors of Robespierre, as in the case of every tyrant, were extreme. Both he and his coadjutors lived in momentary fear of assassination. Fouquier started at the slightest noise. Once, going through the gate of a garden in the evening, he heard a noise and was instantly overcome with terror—his knees shaking violently. A friend was with him, to whom he said—"if thou hadst not been with me, something would have happened." This Fouquier Tinville became so rabidly bloodthirsty, that he actually had a guillotine erected in the hall of the Tribunal, in order that judgment and execution may be going on together, and the judges presiding in person over both. It was not until he had been twice ordered by the Committee, who were horrified at the spectacle, that he caused the hateful instrument to be removed. The guillotine, now began to excite such abhorrence in the minds of all the better citizens, that it was removed two or three times, and when the victims became very numerous, small channels were dug, to convey the blood into the sewers leading to the river. Several anecdotes and facts are related, of so extraordinary a character, that I find it necessary to give the authorities from which they are derived. *Montgaillard* relates that the skins of many who were guillotined, were actually *tanned* at Meudon, and he observes that the skins of the men made good wash leather; but that those of the women were too soft. I must really beg leave to doubt *Montgaillard*. Any thing so monstrous seems a libel on human nature; and I am glad to find that Thiers says that Montgaillard's work is filled with calumnies. He relates also, that the hair of the victims, when fine, was cut off and sold—made into curls, wigs, &c. called "guillotine wigs." This, perhaps, is just within the bounds of probability. In the Annual Register of 1794, this anecdote is told of Robespierre. A lady named St. Amaranto, invited him to dine with her and some friends. He went, accompanied with one of his faction. The next day his friend told him that having drunk too much wine, he said several things that ought to have been concealed. He required a list of all who were present including the servants; and in twenty-four hours, Madame St. Amaranto, her family, friends and domestics, all perished on the scaffold. Anonymous and threatening letters to Robespierre increased in number. One wrote—"Tyrant! Monster! I watch thee. I enjoy thy secret terrors. Thou shalt not escape. Even when surrounded by thy myrmidons, in the Jacobins, in the Committee, in the Convention—*there am I!* Tremble." An obscure man named L'Admiral wishing to deliver France of Robespierre and Collot d'Herbois, waited for them. Failing with the former, he saw the latter, and fired two shots at him, but missed his aim—Collot flying along the street with terror. L'Admiral died the death. On the following day, a young girl named Cecile Renaud presented herself at Robespierre's house and demanded with eagerness to speak with him. As he had gone out, and she still insisted on an entrance, she was arrested, and two knives found on her. The following occurred in her examination:

"What motive led you to Robespierre?"

"I wished to speak with him."

"Do you know Citizen Robespierre?"

"No. I wished to know him, to see how a tyrant looks."

"What use did you mean to make of the two knives?"

"None, having no intention to do evil to any body."

"What does your bundle contain?"

"A change of linen to wear in the place where they are about to conduct me?"

"Where is that?"

(Firmly.) To the prison, and thence to the guillotine."

The unfortunate young girl was conducted thither, and all her family were involved in her destruction.

Meanwhile, Robespierre received the most fulsome adulation, both at the Jacobins and in the Convention; and whenever he went forth publicly, a large band of ruffianly men, armed with clubs and other weapons, and calling themselves *tappes-durs*, accompanied him as a body guard.

On the 10th of May, 1794, the Princess Elizabeth, sister of Louis XVI., was added to the bloody trophies of the "Holy Guillotine." Fouquier Tinville was ever ready with plots within the prison, and on such charges, the truth or falsehood of which was hardly inquired into, he beheaded whom he pleased. Of some such plot and of royalism generally, the unhappy Princess, then in the flower of beauty and womanhood, was suspected, tried and doomed to the guillotine. Du Broca says that in passing to the fatal place of execution, her handkerchief fell from her neck and exposed her to the eyes of the multitude. She turned to the executioner and said:—"In the name of modesty, I entreat you to cover my bosom." Twenty-four other victims suffered in the same batch; amongst them, the Marchioness de Crussol. At the scaffold, Elizabeth, with tears in her eyes, thanked the Marchioness, and regretted she could not reward her. The Marchioness replied, "Embrace me and I am rewarded." The Princess folded her in her arms, saying, "Right willingly, Marquise de Crussol, and with my whole heart." They then ascended the fatal platform, and were soon launched into the world of spirits. By way of showing the nature of the revolutionary tribunal, and the character of its trials and condemnations, it will be instructive, but not amusing, to give a few extracts from the official "General List of the Condemned."

Jean Julien, wagoner, having been sentenced to 12 years hard labor, took it into his head to cry "*Vive le Roi.*" He was brought back, condemned to the guillotine, and executed September, 1792.

Jean Baptiste Henry, aged 18, journeyman tailor, convicted of having sawed a tree of liberty, executed September 6, 1793.

Bernard A. d'Albac, aged 51, ex-noble, late captain in the 11th regiment, and formerly in the sea service, convicted of having *betrayed several towns and several ships* to the enemy, executed January 10th, 1794.

Stephen T. O. Baulny, aged 38, ex-noble, convicted of having entrusted his son, aged 14, to a *garde du corps*, in order that he might emigrate, executed January 10, 1794.

Henriette de Marbœuf, aged 55, widow of the Marquis de Marbœuf, convicted of having *hoped for* (*desired*) the arrival of the Austrians and Prussians; condemned February 5th 1794, and executed the same day.

Jacques de Baume, a Dutch merchant, convicted of being the author and accomplice of a plot in June, 1790, tending to encourage our enemies, by negotiating by way of a loan, certain bonds of £100 each, bearing 5 per cent. interest, of George, Prince of Wales, Frederic, Duke of York, and William Henry, Duke of Clarence; executed February 14th, 1794.

Jacques Duchesne, aged 60, formerly a servant, since a broker; Jean Sauvage, aged 34, gunsmith; Françoise Loizelier, aged 47, milliner; Marie Magdalene Virolle, aged 25, female hair-dresser, convicted of having in the city of Paris, where they resided, composed writings, stuck bills, and *poussé de cris*, (uttered cries,) condemned May 8th, 1794, and executed the same day.

Genevieve Gouvon, aged 77, seamstress, convicted of having been the author or accomplice of various conspiracies formed since the beginning of the Revolution by the enemies of the people and liberty, tending to create civil war, to paralyze the public, and to annihilate the existing government. Condemned May 11th, 1793, and executed the same day.

Francois Bertrand, age 37, *tinman and publican* at Loure, convicted of having furnished to the troops *sour wine injurious to the health of citizens*, condemned at Paris, May 15th, 1793, and executed same day.

Marie Angelique Plaisant, seamstress, convicted of having exclaimed that she was an aristocrat, and "A fig for the nation!"—condemned July 19th, 1794, and executed same day.

Oh for the glorious privileges and fair trials of America and England!

My audience will like to know statistically the daily returns of the guillotine in Paris, as officially published. I extract results of each day's work for a few weeks.

	Day.	Victims.
June	25th	44
"	26	47
"	27	30
"	28	Decadi.
"	29	20
"	30	14
July	1	23
"	2	30
"	3	19
"	4	27
"	5	28
"	6	29
"	7	67
"	8	Decadi.
"	9	60
"	10	44
"	11	6
"	12	28
"	13	37
"	14 (*a dies alba!*)	—
"	15	29
"	16	30
"	17	40
"	18	Decadi.
"	19	28
"	20	14
"	21	28
"	22	46
"	23	55
"	24	36
"	25	38
"	26	54
"	27	42

I now proceed to give a few anecdotes of that fearful time.

The judges of the Tribunal, some of whom came from the galleys at Toulon, labored incessantly at the work of extermination, and mingled indecent ribaldry and jests with their unrelenting cruelty. An old man who had lost the use of his speech by the palsy, being placed at the bar, the President exclaimed—"No matter, it is not his tongue but his head that we want."

Prudhomme says that M. de Fleury, confined in the Luxembourg, wrote this note to Dumas, President of the Tribunal:—"Man of blood, thou hast murdered my family; thou wilt condemn to the scaffold those, who this day appear at thy tribunal. Thou mayest condemn me to the same fate, for I declare to thee that I participate in their sentiments." Fouquier Tinville was with Dumas when he received this letter. "Here"—said Dumas—"is a billet-doux—read it." "This gentleman," said Fouquier, "is in a great hurry; he must be satisfied." That afternoon the writer was tried and guillotined.

160 were divided into three companies, and executed in three days. Dumas, the President, sat like a maniac, with a brace of pistols before him. He merely asked the accused some general questions, thus:—

President.—Dorival—do you know any thing of the conspiracy?

Answer.—No.

Pres.—I expected you would give that answer, but it shall not avail.

Pres.—(to another,) Champigny—are you not an ex-noble?

A.—Yes.

Pres.—(to another,) Gudreville—are you a priest?

A.—Yes; but I have taken the oath.

Pres.—You have no right to speak.

Pres.—(to another,) Merril, were you not a servant to ex-constituent Menou?

A.—Yes.

Pres.—(to another,) Were you not architect to Madame?

A.—Yes; but I was dismissed in 1788.

Pres.—(to another,) Gaudrecourt, was not your father in the Luxembourg?

A.—Yes.

Pres.—(to another,) Durfort, were you not in the life-guard?

A.—Yes; but I was disbanded in 1789.

Such was the summary mode of proceeding, says Thiers. The jury did not retire to consult. They gave their opinions before the audience, and sentence was immediately pronounced. The accused had scarcely time to rise and mention their names.

One day, according to Thiers, there was a prisoner whose name was not upon the list of the accused, and who said to the Court—"I am not accused." "What signifies that!" said Fouquier—"give it quickly." He gave it, and was sent to the scaffold like the others.

The names for execution were handed into a printing office adjoining the Tribunal. Thousands of copies were immediately worked off, spreading horror, dismay and anguish throughout Paris. These lists were cried about the streets by hawkers—"Here are the names of those who have gained prizes in the lottery of St. Guillotine! Only a cent! Only a cent!" The condemned were executed the same evening or the next day. A celebrated chemist, Anthony L. Lavoisier, had been a Commissioner of the National Treasury. He was executed in 1794, after having begged a few days life, in order that he might commit to paper a discovery he had made. The reply was—"The nation does not want thy discovery."

A feature of the times should here be mentioned, which is supported by the authority of all writers on the French Revolution, especially those who have dwelt upon its social and domestic effects. I mean the prevalence of suicide, which continued from its commencement to the close—the causes being fright, despair, grief at the loss of friends, or to escape a public execution. The last cause was quite common whenever poison or a weapon could be found, after apprehension or condemnation; for to succeed, was deemed a piece of good fortune—as in the case of Condorcet and many other victims. Robespierre and his associates soon found that which mankind had discovered in all ages and under all forms of Government to be true—namely, that civilized society could not exist without religion. Atheism reigned, and such was its baleful influence, that its votaries could not govern men, and the people were fast presenting an impossibility to be governed. Atheism taught that there was no accountability for human conduct in this life—no hereafter! Men, therefore, indulged in every crime without restraint, without remorse, without fear of the dread hereafter. A few years of these fatal sentiments, and Paris would have become a human slaughter house, and France a wide field of vice, desolation, misery and death. Virtue! What was it? Of course, if there were neither future rewards nor punishments—it mattered not, whether men practised virtue or degraded themselves by vice. In consequence, virtue and vice were the same. Robespierre and his associates felt this—felt that their power, that all power, nay, that the very nation could not co-exist with Atheism. It was destruction of the soul in the next world—utter destruction to society in this. Nay, one of the Jacobin leaders, who wished for a religion but was still an Atheist, said—"if there be no God, it becomes necessary for the government of man, to invent one." Robespierre, however, had never been an Atheist by profession—had never absolutely denied the existence of a Supreme Being—virtue and morality were ever in his speeches—while he sent daily cart-loads of victims to the guillotine! He was a plausible, a sublime, and a philosophic hypocrite. He—the Incorruptible! The Spring of 1794 was promising. Victory crowned the French arms in several battles, the "National Razor" shaved off the foes of the Jacobin rulers, and the harvest promised to be a double crop, and ripe a month before the usual time. The "Mountain" then thought it would be an appropriate period to found a religion—to do it in thankfulness, as it were, to the Supreme Being. But first it was necessary to decree that there was a Supreme Being—for you will remember that the living God had been abolished *by law of the Convention*, and painted Goddesses of Reason, Pagan Idols, set up in his stead. At length it was agreed that the existence of the Creator and Ruler of the Universe should be proposed, and the task of doing so, was left to Robespierre, as the most able, plausible, virtuous, eloquent and *incorruptible* of the "Mountain." Yes! These Atheists and murderers absolutely *condescended* to acknowledge a Supreme Being. Accordingly on the 18th Floreal (May 7th, 1794,) Robespierre ascended the tribune of the Convention, and certainly delivered the most eloquent speech of his life. It is too long to quote in a lecture; but I will follow its train of reasoning. Citizens—said he, "it is in prosperity that nations, like individuals, should pause to reflect and listen, in the silence of the passions, to the voice of wisdom." The Republic, he said, was virtue—and all the anarchists, corrupt men and atheists, had been but the agents of William Pitt. He thought the Convention ought to discourage atheism and proclaim deism, as containing principles most suitable to man in a state of society; that in the eyes of the legislator, all that was beneficial and good in practice, was *truth*. "Who hath given Atheists the mission to proclaim that there is no God? What advantage is there in persuading man that a blind power presides over his destinies, and strikes at random, guilt and virtue? Will the idea of his annihilation inspire purer or more exalted sentiments than that of his immortality? Would he love his country more; would he have more courage to defy tyranny, more contempt of death and of sensual pleasure? Ye who weep over the coffin of a son or a wife—are ye consoled by him who tells you that nothing but vile dust is left of either? Innocence on the scaffold makes the tyrant turn pale in his car of triumph. Would it possess this ascendancy, if the grave equalled the oppressor and the oppressed!" He here drew a picture of the political importance of religion—a sublime picture of the Immortality of the soul, and of the being of a God—paid an eloquent tribute to Rousseau, whose admirer and indeed disciple he was—said that the God of Nature was different from the God of the Priests, who, he contended, were to morality what quacks were to medicine, treating God as the Mayors of the Palace formerly treated the descendants of Clovis, in order to reign in his name; and he further remarked that they had confined him in heaven as in a palace, and called him to earth only to demand of him for their own interest, tithes, wealth, honors, pleasures and power. He concluded by saying—"The real temple of the Supreme Being is the Universe; his worship, virtue, his festivals the joy of a great nation." Thus he proposed a religion that left man without professors of religion as guides—and left him to roam about the temple, that is, the Universe, at will—no creed, no sermon on the Mount with a pure and heavenly system of morality. Surely, so vague a responsibility as to man's duties to God and his neighbor, could have been but a poor and meagre incentive to virtue. After his speech was concluded, he proposed public meetings on all the *decadis*, and the following resolutions:

1. The French people acknowledges the existence of a Supreme Being, and the immortality of the soul.

2. It acknowledges that the worship most worthy of the Supreme Being, is the practice of the duties of man.

These resolutions were carried by acclamation. A solemn festival to the Supreme Being, was decreed, and all its arrangements given to David the painter—and magnificent it was. The Jacobin Club thanked the Convention in pompous procession, and called it the "protecting Sinai." Freedom of Religion was proclaimed—Virtue and the Supreme Being were in everybody's mouth. The inscriptions "To Reason," and "Death is an everlasting sleep," were taken from over the doors of the Churches, and the motto—"To the Supreme Being!" affixed in its stead. France was intoxicated with joy—Paris delirious with rapture—the Guillotine worked more gaily than ever, chopping off from 30 to 50 heads *per diem*—Robespierre blasphemously uniting in his own person, the character of champion of the Supreme Being, and High Priest of the Holy Guillotine, or rather Grand Philosophic State Barber to the "National Razor!"—agent of Satan—and Chief Purveyor to Azrael, the Angel of Death!

The Humorist.

☞ At a country muster, after an order was given to "return ramrods," one of the soldiers broke from the line, and was off full split. "Hallo!" bawled the commanding officer, "where are you going?" "Down to Squire Muggins' to *return the ramrod*, as you told me."

☞ A Western editor, giving a description of a storm, says:—"It is utterly impossible to describe the scene presented to the eye of the beholder in the vicinity of the dwelling destroyed. We saw as many as four hogs killed by the timbers." Awful.

☞ "Can't you draw an inference," said a teacher to a rustic pupil. "Wol, aw don't know perhaps aw could; but if aw couldn't dad's got an team at home what could, aw'l bet, for them are steers'll draw any thing short o' three ton."

☞ "A lady asked a minister if she might pay attention to dress and fashion, without being proud." "Madam," replied the minister, "whenever you see the tail of a fox out of a hole, you may be sure the fox is there also."

☞ A young dandy, who supported an enormous moustache, asked a lady what she thought of his looks. "Why," said she, "you look as if you had swallowed a poney, and left the tail sticking out of your mouth."

☞ "Come down from that building, you infernal rascal, and I'll knock your eyes out." "You will, will you?" "Yes, you scoundrel, I will." "Then, I guess, upon the whole—*I shan't come down*."

☞ She that is the most amiable, intelligent and virtuous, is the most beautiful in the eyes of the discerning. The enjoyment of her love is the most valuable of all earthly possession.

☞ In the West, dollars are called slugs; shells, tulips; tin, dust; doughnuts, horse-chesnuts; white boys, proxies; spread eagles, E pluribus unums; silver queues, goggles, and ballast.

☞ Many a truth is like a wolf which we hold by the ears, afraid to let it escape, and yet hardly able to retain it; yet, if promulgated, it might prove injurious.

☞ There are women enough in all conscience, but not conscience enough in all women—as the fellow said when the girl told him he needn't call again.

☞ "This is a TICK-lish business," as the merchant said when a customer wanted to get trusted for a clock.

☞ Tears are like the dew that belongs to earth—smiles are the sunshine that comes from Heaven.

☞ "I am behind time," said the little mouse when he ran up the back of the clock.

☞ Truth should not be disclosed when it would occasion more evil than to suppress it.

☞ "Walk in and be *shaved*," as the broker said to the man who was reading his sign.

☞ If you are thirsty, drink water. Water will never make you drunk. A fact.

☞ "I'm going off," as the gun said when the boy pulled the trigger.

☞ Never believe all you hear, nor repeat all you know.

Choice Selections.

WOMEN AND MARRIAGE.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

I have speculated a great deal upon matrimony. I have seen young and beautiful women, the pride of gay circles, married, as the world says—well! Some have moved into costly houses, and their friends have all come and looked at their fine furniture and their splendid arrangements for happiness, and they have gone away and committed them to their sunny hopes cheerfully and without fear. It is natural to be sanguine for the young, and at such times I am carried away by similar feelings. I love to get unobserved into a corner, and watch the bride in her attire, and with her smiling face and her soft eyes moving before me in their pride of life weave a waking dream of her future happiness, and persuade myself that it will be true. I think how they will sit upon the luxurious sofa as the twilight falls, and build gay hopes, and murmur in low tones the now forbidden tenderness; and how thrillingly the allowed kiss, and the beautiful endearments of wedded life, will make even their parting joyous, and how gladly come back from the crowd and the empty mirth of the gay to each other's quiet company. I picture to myself that young creature, who blushes even now at his hesitating caress, listening eagerly for his footsteps as the night steals on, and wishing that he would come; and when he enters at last, and, with an affection as undying as his pulse, folds her to his bosom, I can feel the very tide that goes flowing through his heart, and gaze with him on her graceful form as she moves about him for the kind offices of affection, soothing all his unquiet cares, and making him forget even himself in her young and unshadowed beauty.

I go forward for years, and see her luxuriant hair put soberly away from her brow, and her girlish graces ripen into dignity, and her bright loveliness chastened with the gentle meekness of maternal affection. Her husband looks on her with a proud eye, and shows her the same fervent love and the same delicate attentions which first won her, and fair children are growing up about them, and they go on full of honor and untroubled years, and are remembered when they die!

I say I love to dream thus when I go to give the young bride joy. It is the natural tendency of feeling touched by loveliness, that fears nothing for itself; and if ever I yield to darkened feelings, it is because the light of the picture is changed. I am not fond of dwelling upon such changes, and I will not minutely now. I allude to it only because I trust that my simple page will be read by some of the young and beautiful beings who daily move across my path; and I would whisper to them, as they glide by joyously and confidently, the secret of an unclouded future.

The picture I have drawn above is not peculiar. It is colored like the fancies of the bride; and many, oh! many an hour will she sit, with her rich jewels lying loose in her fingers, and dream such dreams as these. She believes them too—and she goes on for a while undeceived. The evening is not too long while they talk of plans for happiness, and the quiet meal is still a pleasant and delightful novelty of mutual reliance and attention. There comes soon, however, a time when personal topics become bare and wearisome, and slight attentions will not alone keep up the social excitement. There are long intervals of silence, and detected symptoms of weariness; and the husband, first, in his manhood, breaks in upon the hours they were wont to spend together. I cannot follow it circumstantially. There come long hours of unhappy restlessness, and terrible misgivings of each other's worth and affection, till, by-and-by, they can conceal their uneasiness no longer, and go out separately to seek relief, and lean upon the hollow world for the support which one who has promised to be their lover and friend, could not give them!

Heed this, ye who are winning, by your innocent beauty, the affections of high-minded and thinking beings. Remember that he will give up the brother of his heart, with whom he has had ever a fellowship of mind, the society of his cotemporary runners in the race of fame, who have held with him a stern companionship; and frequently in his passionate love, he will break away from the scenes of his burning ambition, to come and listen to the "voice of the charmer." It will bewilder him at first; but it will not long. And then, think you that an idle blandishment will chain the mind that has been used for years, to an equal communion? Think you he will give up for a weak dalliance, the animating themes of men, and the search into the mysteries of knowledge? Oh, no, lady! believe me, no! Trust not your influence to such light fetters. Credit not the old-fashioned absurdity, that woman's is a secondary lot, ministering to the necessities of her lord and master. If your immortality is as complete, and your gift of mind as capable as ours, I would put no wisdom of mine against God's allotment. I would charge you to water the undying bud, and give it a healthy culture, and open its beauty to the sun; and then you may hope that when your life is bound with another, you will go on equally, and in a fellowship that will pervade every earthly interest.

SONG.

You come when the ev'ning is closing,
And you say that you love me then;
You stay while the flow'rs are reposing,
And you swear you're the fondest of men;
But when the broad glitter of day
Allures you away with the gay,
Ah, then your affection is dozing,
And you dream not to love me again.

Oh, mine is a deeper emotion,
And looks for a fonder return;
And whatever may be your devotion,
Yet mine must unchangeably burn
As deep and as broad as the sea
Must the love of a fond woman be
Yet wild as the waves of the ocean
When doom'd of deception to learn!

You come in the day of my splendor,
Before my young beauty to bow!
But in my decay will you tender
The homage you pay to me now?
Oh, ne'er in the bloom of her morn
Is a maiden left ever forlorn
But when years implore a defender,
Fickle man often falls from his vow!

Come, come when the daylight is leaving
The stars of the ev'ning to shine,
And say that in gladness or grieving
You will ever and ever be mine.
And thine thro' all joy or all shame—
Thine, thine with a passionate flame;
Yes, e'en tho' I knew thee deceiving
Oh, still must I ever be thine!—PHARNA.

THE UNIVERSAL SWEET POTATO.

The following amusing illustration of the diversified uses to which Sweet Potatoes may be applied, we extract from Col. Clathone's graphic sketches of a "*Trip thro' the Piney Woods*" in the eastern part of Mississippi.

In answer to our eager shout a female voice that sounded most benignantly, bade us "light." We walked in, drenched and dripping, and found ourselves at the residence of an aged widow, who with four daughters and three sons, have lived there many years, their nearest neighbor being twelve miles off. They owned a large stock of cattle, and the three boys (so the good mother called her sons, who were tall enough for Prussian grenadiers) were then absent with a drove. Finding ourselves welcome, we stripped our horse, and led him to a small stable that stood near. We found the trough filled with *potatoes*, and the rack with hay made of the dried vines. Our horse ate them with great relish. On this farm, as on most of the others in the same locality, a few acres are cowpened and planted in corn, for bread; an acre or two for rice; but the main crop is the *sweet potato*. Some nations boast of their palm tree, which supplies them with food, oil, light, fuel, shelter and clothing—but it will be seen that we have in the potatoe, a staple article, scarcely inferior to it. It will grow upon soils too thin to produce corn, and with little culture. It may be converted into a valuable manure. For forage, it is excellent. Hogs and cows thrive upon it exceedingly. An acre properly cultivated, will yield from three to five hundred bushels. Its farinaceous properties, make it almost equal to bread, and it supplies some of the most delicious dishes for the desert.

Supper was somewhat tardy; but in an adjoining house lit up by a brisk fire, we heard sundry "notes of preparation." It was a rare chance that brought a guest to that lone dwelling, and its kind inmates were intent on making us comfortable. Lulled by the cheering signs and savory odors, we cast ourselves into an arm-chair and dozed, until at length a gentle touch and a musical voice, summoned us to the table. The repast was abundant, excellent and scrupulously neat—but almost every dish was composed of *potatoes*, dressed in many various ways. There were baked potatoes and fried potatoes—bacon and potatoes boiled together—a fine loin of beef flanked round with potatoes, nicely browned, and swimming in gravy. A hash of wild turkey was garnished with potatoes mixed up with it. A roast fowl was stuffed with potatoes; beside us, stood a plate of potatoe biscuit, as light as sponge, the *coffee* which was strong and well flavored, was made of *potatoes*, and one of the girls drew from a corner cupboard, a rich potato pie.

In about an hour a charming little blue-eyed girl, brought us a tumbler of potato beer, that sparkled like champagne, and rather archly intimated, that there were some hot potatoes in the ashes, if we liked eating one. The beer was admirable, and we were told that good whiskey, molasses and vinegar, were sometimes made of potatoes.

At length we turned in. The little chamber we were shown to, was the perfection of neatness. The floor was sprinkled over with white sand. A small mirror stood on the wall, from which was suspended a sort of napkin, tastily worked all over. Above was a rosary of bird-eggs of every color, and over the window, and pinned along the white curtains of the bed, were wreaths of flowers, now dry indeed but retaining their beautiful tints and making really a very pretty ornament. An old oaken chest highly polished and waxed, set in a corner and over that a range of shelves stored with quilts, comforts, coverlets, of many colors, the work of the industrious household. The pillows were bordered with fringed network, and the sheets as white as the untrod snow; but the bed itself, though soft and pleasant, was made of *potato vines*. Either from our fatigue, our late and hearty supper, or from our imagination being somewhat excited, we rested badly; the nightmare brooded over us; we dreamed that we had *turned into a big potato*, and that some one was *digging us up*. Perspiring, struggling, we clenched the bed and finally leaped up, gasping for breath. It was some time before the horrid idea would quit us. In the morning, owing to the drenching of the previous day, we were an invalid and threatened with fever and sore-throat. The kind old lady insisted on our remaining in bed: and she immediately bound a mashed roasted potato, just from the ashes, moistened with warm vinegar, to our neck, and gave us profusely a hot tea, made of dried potato vines. These applications acted like a charm, and with the addition of a few simples from the wood, were all the remedial agents ever used by this happy family. They could scarcely form a conception of a physician, such as we see him here, riding day and night, keeping half a dozen horses, following the pestilence to enrich science with its spoils, attending the poor from charity, accumulating fortunes from the infirmities of the human family, but not unfrequently losing his life in the effort. The mistress of the house had never known a fever, old as she was—her blooming daughters looked incredulous when we described the ravages of disease in other parts of the State, and certain it is, that none of them had ever before seen one the worse for having rode six hours in wet clothes. When we took leave of our kind friends, it was in vain we offered them compensation. They welcomed us to every thing, and we set off with our pockets filled with biscuit, jerked venison and *potato chips*, a sort of crystalized preserve, steeped in syrup and then dried in the sun.

THE LOVE OF OTHER DAYS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

It was the sunset hour, and richly fell the gleam
In beauty blended o'er the earth, rose-hued and golden beam;
It played about a casement, an old man rested there,
But pallid were his aged lips, so was his whited hair.
Calm seemed the old man's slumber, why drew they back in dread?
It was the calmness of the grave, the slumber of the dead.
We trembled at the warning, that tells us from the earth
A spirit hath, in joyfulness, sprung to a holy birth.
Within his withered fingers, clasped with a dying hold,
There seemed a gem of beauty; did the old man prize the gold?
Oh! shame on such base feeling: when they loosed the stiffen'd hand,
A lovely pictur'd face was there, a dark and braided band.
Oh! Love, unchanged, unchangeable, Time hath o'er thee no power,
And pleasant was the old man's death, at sunset's glowing hour;
Amidst the fields of memory, the sorrow's course may run,
The sun of other days can shed light o'er the closing one.
ELLA.

Laver's New Novel.

OUR MESS.

Jack Hinton, the Guardsman.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE RETREAT.

My cell, for such it was, although dignified with the appellation of chamber, looked out by a small window upon a narrow street, the opposite side to which was formed by the wall of a church-yard pertaining to a convent. As day broke I eagerly took my place at the casement to watch what was going on without; but except some bare-headed figure of a monk gliding along between the dark yew avenues, or some female in deep mourning passing to her morning's devotions beside the grave of a relative, I could see nothing; a deep silence seemed to brood over the city, so lately the scene of festivity and mirth. Towards four o'clock, however, I could hear the distant roll of drums, which gradually extended from the extreme right to the left of the plain before the town; then I heard the heavy monotonous tramp of marching, broken occasionally by the clank of the brass bands of the cavalry, or the deep sullen thunder of the artillery wagons, as they moved along over the paved roads; the sounds came gradually nearer; the trumpets too joined the clamor with the shrill *reveille*, and soon the street towards the front of the prison re-echoed with the unceasing clatter of troops moving forward. I could hear the voices of the officers calling to the men to move up; heard more than once the names of particular regiments, as some distinguished corps were passing; the music of the bands was quick and inspiriting, and as some popular air was struck up, the men would break forth suddenly into the words, and the rough-voiced chorus rang through the narrow streets, and fell heavily on my own heart, as I lay there a prisoner. Hour after hour did this continue; but yet the silence behind remained as unbroken as ever; the lonely churchyard, with its dark walls and sad looking trees, was still and deserted.

By degrees the din in front diminished; regiments passed now only at intervals, and their pace increased to a run, left no time for the bands; the cavalry, too trotted rapidly by, and at last all was still as in the gloomy street before me. It was now eight o'clock, and no summons had yet come to me, although I had heard myself the order for our marching on the Bayonne-road by sunrise; the prison was still as the grave, not a step could I hear—not a bolt nor a hinge creaked—I looked to the window, but the strong iron grating that defended it, left no prospect of escape; the door was even stronger, and there was no chimney.

Sometimes the thought occurred to me that the party had forgotten me, and had gone away with the other prisoners; this thought somehow had its consolation; but the notion of being left to starve came suddenly across me, and I hastened to the window to try and make myself known to some chance passer by; just then the loud boom of a gun struck upon my ear; another followed, louder still; and then a long heavy clashing noise, which rose and fell as the wind bore it, told me that the work of death had begun. The sound of the large guns, which at first came only at intervals, now swelled into one loud continuous roar that drowned all other noise; the strong frames of the windows shook, and the very ground beneath my feet seemed to tremble with the dreadful concussion of the artillery; sometimes the din would die away for a few seconds, and then, as the wind freshened, it would swell into a thunder, so loud as to make me almost to think the battle was close to where I stood. Hour after hour did this continue; and now, although the little street beside me was thronged with many an anxious group, I no longer thought of questioning them; my whole soul was wrapped up in the one thought, that of the dreadful engagement; and as I listened, my mind was carrying on with itself some fancied picture of the fight, with no other guide to my imaginings than the distant clangor of the battle; now I thought that the French were advancing; that their battery of guns had opened; and I could imagine the dark mass that moved on, their tall shakos and black belts peering amidst the smoke that lay densely in the field. On they poured thousand after thousand; ay, there goes the fusillade: the platoons are firing; but now they halt; the crash of fixing bayonets is heard; a cheer breaks forth; the cloud is rent; the thick smoke is severed as if by a lightning flash; the red coats have dashed through at the charge; the enemy waits not; the line wavers and breaks; down come the cavalry, like an eagle on the swoop; but again, the dread artillery opens; the French form beneath the lines, and the fight is renewed.

The fever of my mind was at its height; I paced my room with hurried steps, and, springing to the narrow casement, held my ear to the wall to listen. Forgetting where I was, I called out as though at the head of my company, with the wild yell of the battle around me, and the foe before me; suddenly the crowd beneath the window broke; the crash of cavalry equipments resounded through the street, and the head of a squadron of cuirassiers came up at a trot, followed by a train of baggage wagons, with six horses to each; the drivers whipped and spurred their cattle, and all betokened haste. From the strength of the guard, and the appearance of the wagons, I conjectured that they were the treasures of the army; an opinion in which I was strengthened by the word "Bayonne" chalked in large letters on a chest thrown on the top of a carriage.

Some open wagons followed, in which the invalids of the army lay, a pale and sickly mass, their lack-lustre eyes gazed heavily around with a stupid wonder, like men musing in a dream—even they, however, had arms given them, such was the dread of falling into the hands of the guerilla bands, who infested the mountain passes, and never gave quarter, even to the wounded and the dying. The long file at length passed, but only to make way for a still longer procession of Spanish prisoners, who, bound wrist to wrist, marched between two files of mounted gensdarmes; the greater number of these were mountaineers, guerillas of the south, condemned to the galleys *for life*, their bronzed faces and stalwart figures a striking contrast to their pale and emaciated companions, the inhabitants of the towns, who could scarce drag their weary limbs along, and seemed at every step ready to sink between misery and privation. The ribald jests and coarse language of the soldiers were always addressed to these, there seeming to be a kind of respect for the bolder guerillas, even in the hour of their captivity. The tramp of led horses, the roll of wagons, the cracking of whips, mingled with the oaths of the muleteers and the fainter cries of the sick, now filled the air, and only occasionally did the loud cannonade rise above them: from every window faces appeared turned with excited eagerness towards the dense crowds; and though I could perceive that inquiries as to the fate of the day were constantly made and answered, my ignorance of Spanish prevented my understanding what was said.

The noise in front of the prison, where the thoroughfare was wider and larger, far exceeded that around me; and at last I could hear the steps of persons marching overhead, and ascending and descending the stairs. Doors clapped and slammed on every side; when, suddenly, the door of my own cell was shaken violently, and a voice cried out in French—"Try this; I passed twice without perceiving it." The next moment the lock turned, and my room was filled with dragoons, their uniforms splashed and dirty, and evidently bearing the marks of a long and severe march.

"Are you the Guerilla Guipuscoa de Condeiga?" said one of the party, accosting me, as I stood wrapped up in my cloak.

"No; I am an English officer."

"Show your epaulettes, then," said another, who knew that Spanish officers never wore such.

I opened my cloak, when the sight of my red uniform at once satisfied them. At this instant a clamor of voices without was heard, and several persons called out, "We have him; here he is." The crowd around me rushed forth at the sound; and, following among them, I reached the street, now jammed up with horse and foot, wagons, tumbrils, and caissons—some endeavoring to hasten forward towards the road to Bayonne; others as eagerly turned towards the plain of Vittoria, where the deafening roll of artillery showed the fight was at its fiercest. The dragoons issued forth, dragging a man amongst them, whose enormous stature and broad chest towered above the others, but who apparently made not the slightest resistance as they hurried him forward, shouting, as they went, "*A la grand place!—a la place!*"

It was the celebrated Guerilla Guipuscoa, who had distinguished himself by acts of heroic daring, and sometimes savage cruelty, towards the French—and who had fallen into their hands that morning. Anxious to catch a glance at one of whom I had heard so often—I pressed forward among the rest, and soon found myself in the motley crowd of soldiers and townspeople that hurried towards the Plaza.

Scarcely had I entered the square when the movement of the multitude was arrested, and a low whispering murmur succeeded to the deafening shouts of vengeance and loud cries of death I had heard before; then came the deep roll of a muffled drum. I made a strong effort to press forward, and at length reached the rear of a line of dismounted dragoons, who stood leaning on their carbines—their eyes steadily bent on a figure some twenty paces in front. He was leisurely employed in divesting himself of some of his clothes; which, as he took off, he piled in a little heap beside him; his broad guerilla hat, his dark cloak, his sheep's wool jacket, slashed with gold, fell one by one from his hand; and his broad manly chest at last lay bare, heaving with manifest pride and emotion, as he turned his dark eyes calmly around him. Nothing was now heard in that vast crowd, save when some low, broken sob of grief would burst from the close-drawn mantillas of the women, as they offered up their heartfelt prayers for the soul of the patriot.

A low parapet wall, surmounted by an iron railing, closed in this part of the Plaza, and separated it from a deep and rapid river that flowed beneath—a branch of the Ebro.

Beyond, the wide plain of Vittoria stretched away towards the Pyrenees; and, although two leagues distant, the scene of the battle was discernible, from the heavy mass of cloud that lowered overhead, and the deep booming of the guns, that seemed to make the air tremulous.

The Spaniard turned his calm look towards the battle-field, and for an instant his dark eye flashed back upon his foes with an expression of triumphant daring, which seemed as it were to say—"I am avenged already!" A cry of impatience burst from the crowd of soldiers, and the crash of their firelocks threatened that they would not wait longer for his blood. But the guerilla's manner changed at once; and holding up a small ebony crucifix before him, he seemed to ask a moment's respite for a short prayer.

The stillness showed his request was complied with: he turned his back towards the crowd, and placing the crucifix on the low parapet, he bent down on both his knees, and seemed lost in his devotions. As he rose I thought I could perceive that he threw a glance, rapid as lightning, over the wall towards the river that flowed beneath. He now turned fully round; and unfastening the girdle of many a gay color that he wore round his waist, he threw it carelessly on his left arm; and then, baring his breast to the full, knelt slowly down, and, with his arms wide apart, called out in Spanish, "here is my life—come, take it." The words were scarcely uttered, when the carbines clanked as they brought them to the shoulder; the sergeant of the company called out the words, "*donnez*"—a pause—"*feu!*" The fusillade rang out, and, as my eyes pierced the smoke, I could see that the guerilla had fallen to the earth, his arms crossed upon his bosom.

A shriek, wild and terrific burst from the crowd. The blue smoke slowly rose, and I perceived the French sergeant standing over the body of the guerilla, which lay covered with blood upon the turf. A kind of convulsive spasm seemed to twitch the limbs, upon which the Frenchman drew his sabre—the rattle of the steel scabbard rang through my heart; the bright weapon glanced as he raised it above his head; at the same instant the guerilla chief sprang to his legs; he tottered as he did so, for I could see that his left arm hung powerless at his side; but his right held a long poignard. He threw himself upon the Frenchman's bosom—a yell followed, and the same moment the guerilla sprung over the battlements, and with a loud splash, dropped into the river beneath. The water had scarce covered his body, as the Frenchman fell a corpse upon the ground.

A perfect roar of madness and rage burst from the French soldiers, as, rushing to the parapet, a hundred balls swept the surface of the river; but the tall reeds of the bank had already concealed the bold guerilla, whose left arm had received the fire of the soldiers, who now saw the meaning of that quick movement by which he had thrown his girdle around it. The incident was but the work of a few brief moments; nor was there longer time to think on it; for suddenly a squadron of cavalry swept past, at the full speed of their horses, calling out the words, "place, there—make way, there, in front. The ambulance—the ambulance!"

A low groan of horror rose around; the quick retreat of the wounded betokened that the battle was going against the French; the words "beaten and retreat" re-echoed through the crowd; and as the dark suspicion crept amid the moving mass, the first wagon of the wounded slowly turned the angle of the square, a white flag hung above it. I caught but one glance of the sad convoy; but never shall I forget that spectacle of blood and agony. Torn and mangled they lay, an indiscriminate heap; their faces blackened with powder, their bodies shattered with wounds. High above the other sounds their piercing cries rent the air—with mingled blasphemies and insane ravings. Meanwhile, the drivers seemed only anxious to get forward; as, deaf to every prayer and entreaty, they whipped their horses, and called out to the crowd to make way.

Escape was now open; but where could I go? My uniform exposed me to immediate detection: should I endeavor to conceal myself, discovery would be my death. The vast tide of people that poured along the streets was a current too strong to stem, and I hesitated what course to follow. My doubts were soon resolved for me; an officer of General Oudinot's staff, who had seen me the previous night, rode up close to where I stood, and then turning to his orderly, spoke a few hurried words. The moment after, two heavy dragoons, in green uniform and brass helmets, came up, one at either side of me; without a moment's delay, one of them unfastened a coil of small rope that hung at his saddle-bow, which, with the assistance of the other, was passed over my right wrist, and drawn tight. In this way, secured like a malefactor, I was ordered forward. In vain I remonstrated—in vain I told them I was a British officer; to no purpose did I reiterate that hitherto I had made no effort to escape. It is not in the hour of defeat, Frenchmen can behave either with humanity or justice. A volley of "*sacres*" was the only answer I received, and nothing was left me but to yield.

Meanwhile the tumult and confusion of the town was increasing at every minute. Heavy wagons—inscribed in large letters, "*Domaine Exterieure de sa Majesté l'Empereur*"—containing the jewels and treasures of Madrid, passed by, drawn by eight, sometimes ten horses, and accompanied by strong cavalry detachments. Infantry regiments, blackened with smoke and gunpowder, newly arrived from the field, hurried past to take up positions on the Bayonne road to protect the retreat; then came the nearer din and crash of the artillery, as the French army was falling back upon the town.

Scarcely had we issued from the walls of the city, when the whole scene of flight and ruin was presented to our eyes. The country for miles round was one moving mass of fugitives—cannon, wagons, tumbrils, wounded soldiers, horsemen and even splendid equipages, were all mixed up together on the Pampeluna road, which lay to our right. The march was there intercepted by an overturned wagon—the horses were plunging, and the cries of the wounded men could be heard even where we were. The fields at each side of the way were soon spread over by the crowd, eager to press on. Guns were now abandoned and thrown into ditches and ravines; the men broke their muskets, and threw the fragments on the roadside, and vast magazines of powder were exploded here and there through the plain.

But my attention was soon drawn to objects more immediately beside me. The Bayonne road which we now reached, was the last hope of the retiring army. To maintain this line of retreat, strong detachments of infantry, supported by heavy guns, were stationed at every eminence commanding the position; but the swooping torrent of the retreat left little time for these to form—many of whom were borne along with the flying army. Discipline gave way to every side—the men sprang upon the wagons, refusing to march—the treasures were broken open and thrown upon the road. Frequently the baggage-guard interchanged shots and sabre-cuts with the infuriated soldiers, who only thought of escape; and the ladies, who but yesterday were the objects of every care and solicitude, were hurried along amid that rude multitude, some on foot, others glad to be allowed to take a place in the ambulance among the wounded—their dresses blood-stained and torn, adding to the horror and misery of the scene. Such was the prospect before us. Behind a dark mass hovered, as if even yet withstanding the attack of the enemy, whose guns thundered clearer and closer every moment. Still the long line of wounded came on—some in wide open carts, others stretched upon the gun carriages, mangled and bleeding. Among these my attention was drawn to one whose head having fallen over the edge of the cart, was endangered by every roll of the heavy wheel that grazed his very skull. There was a halt, and I seized the moment to assist the poor fellow as he lay thus in peril. His helmet had fallen back, and was merely retained by the brass chain beneath his chin: his temples were actually cleft open by a sabre cut, and I could see that he had also received some shot-wounds in the side, where he pressed his hands, the blood welling up between the fingers.

As I lifted the head to place it within the cart, the eyes opened and turned fully upon me. A faint smile of gratitude curled his lip; I bent over him, and, to my horror, recognized in the mangled and shattered form before me—the gallant fellow with whom the very night before I had formed almost a friendship. The word "cold" muttered between his teeth, was the only answer I could catch, as I called him by his name. The order to march rang out from the head of the convoy, and I had barely time to unfasten my cloak, and throw it over him, ere the wagon moved on. I never saw him after.

A squadron of cavalry now galloped past, reckless of all before them: the traces of the artillery were cut and the men mounting the horses, deserted the guns, and rode for their lives. In the midst of the flying mass, a splendid equipage flew past, its six horses lashed to madness by the postilions; a straggling guard of honor, and a grand ecuyer in scarlet, who rode in front, called out incessantly—"*Place, place; pour sa majesté;*" but all to no purpose: the road, blocked up by broken wagons, dense crowds of horse and foot, dead and dying, soon became impassable. An effort to pass a heavily loaded wagon entangled the coach; the axle was caught by the huge wagon—the horses plunged when they felt the restraint, and the next moment the royal carriage was hurled over on its side, and fell with a crash into the ravine at the road-side. While the officers of his staff dismounted to rescue the fallen monarch, a ribald burst of laughter rose from the crowd, and a pioneer actually gave the butt of his carbine to assist the king as, covered with mud, he scrambled up the ditch.

I had but an instant to look upon his pale countenance, which even since the night before seemed to have grown many years older, ere I was myself dragged forward among the crowd.

Darkness now added its horror to the scene of riot and confusion; the incessant cries of the fugitives told that the English cavalry were upon them; the artillery came closer and closer, and the black sky was traversed by many a line of fire, as the shells poured down upon the routed army; the English guns, regardless of roads, dashed down on the terrified masses, raining balls and howitzer-shells on every side. Already the cheers of my gallant countrymen were within my hearing, and amid all the misery and danger around me my heart rose proudly at the glorious victory they had gained.

Meanwhile my escort, whose feeling towards me became more brutal as their defeat was more perceptible, urged me forward with many an oath and imprecation. Leaving the main-road, we took to the fields—already crowded with the infantry. At last, as the charges of the English came closer, they seemed to hesitate about being any longer burthened by me, and one, after interchanging some angry words with his companion, rode off, leaving me to the care of him who passed the cord round my wrist. For a second or two this fellow seemed to waver whether he might not dispose of me more briefly, and once he half withdrew his pistol from the holster, and turned round in his saddle to regard me more steadily; a better feeling, however, gained the mastery; the hope, too, of promotion, could he bring in an officer his prisoner, had, doubtless, its share in his decision. He ordered me to jump up behind him, and, dashing spurs into his troop-horse, rode forward.

I have, perhaps, lingered too long in my recollections of this eventful night; it was, however, the last striking incident which preceded a long captivity. On the third day of the retreat I was joined to a band of Spanish prisoners marching towards Bayonne. Of the glorious victory which rescued the Peninsula from the dominion of the French, and drove their beaten armies beyond the Pyrenees, or of the great current of events which followed the battle of Vittoria, I do not purpose to speak. Neither will I trouble my reader with a narrative of hardship and suffering; it is enough to mention that my refusal to give my parole, subjected me in all cases to every indignity.

Wearied out at length, I accepted this only chance of rendering life endurable; and on reaching Bayonne, gave my word not to attempt my escape, and was accordingly separated from my companions in misfortune, and once more treated as a gentleman.

The refusal to accept "parole," I learned afterwards, was invariably construed by the French authorities of the day into a direct avowal not only to attempt escape by any means that might present themselves, but was also deemed a rejection of the hospitality of the country, which placed the recusant beyond the pale of its courtesy.

No sooner, then, had I complied with this necessity—for such it was—than I experienced the greatest kindness and politeness in every quarter. Through every village in the south, the house of the most respectable inhabitant was always open to me; and with a delicacy it would be difficult to match elsewhere, although the events of the Spanish war were the subjects of general interest wherever we passed, not a word was spoken nor a hint dropped before the "prisoner," which could in the slightest degree offend his nationality, or hurt his susceptibility as an enemy.

* * * * * *

I shall now beg of my reader to pass over with me a long interval of time, during which my life presented nothing of interest or incident, and accompany me to the environs of St. Omer, where, in the commencement of the year 1814, I found myself domesticated as a prisoner of war on parole. During the long period that had elapsed since the battle of Vittoria, I had but once heard from home: matters there were pretty much as I had left them. My father had removed to a colonial appointment, whence he transmitted the rich revenues of his office to my mother, whose habitual economy enabled her to dispense at Bath, much in the same kind of way as she had formerly done at London. My lovely cousin—in the full possession of her beauty and a large fortune—had refused some half dozen brilliant proposals, and was reported to have an unswerving attachment to some near relative, which happy individual, my mother suggested, was myself. Of the Bellews, I learned from the newspapers that Sir Simon was dead; and Miss Bellew, having recovered most of the great estates of her family through the instrumentality of a clever attorney—whom I guessed to be my friend Paul—was now the great *belle* and fortune of Dublin. I had frequently written home, and once or twice to the Rooneys and the major, but never received any answer; so that at last I began to think myself forgotten by every one, and dreamed away my life in a state of almost apathy—dead to the exciting events of the campaign, which, even in the seclusion where I lived, were from time to time reported. The brilliant march of our victorious troops through the Pyrenees and the south of France, Nivelle, Orthes, and Toulouse, I read of as people read of long past events; life to me appeared to have run out; and my thoughts turned ever backward to the bright morning of my career in Ireland—my early burst of manhood—my first and only passion.

The old royalist seigneur upon whom I was billeted, could evidently make nothing of the stolid indifference with which I heard him and his antiquated spouse discuss the glorious prospect of a restoration of the Bourbons; even the hope of liberty was dying away within me. One ever-present thought had damped all ardor and all ambition—I had done nothing as a soldier—my career had ended as it begun—and, while others had risen to fame and honor, *my* name had won nothing of distinction and repute. Instead of anxiously looking forward to a meeting with Louisa Bellew, I dreaded the very thoughts of it. My mother's fashionable *morgue* and indifference I should now feel as a sarcasm on my own failure; and as to my cousin Julia, the idea alone of her raillery was insufferable. The only plan I could devise for the future was, so soon as I should recover my liberty, to exchange into some regiment in the East Indies, and never to return to England.

It was, then, with some surprise, and not much sympathy, that I beheld my venerable host appear one morning at breakfast with a large white cockade in the breast of his frock coat, and a huge white lily in a wine glass before him. His elated manner and joyous looks were all so many riddles to me; while the roll of drums in the peaceful little town, the ringing of bells, and the shouts of the inhabitants, were all too much even for apathy like mine.

"What is the *Tintamarre* about?" said I, pettishly, as I saw the old gentleman fidget from the table to the window and then back again, rubbing his hands, admiring his cockade, and smelling at the lily alternately.

"*Tintamarre!*" said he indignantly, "*savez vous, monsieur? Ce n'est pas le mot, celui là.* We are restored, sir! we have regained our rightful throne! we are no longer exiles!"

"Yes!" said the old lady, bursting into the room, and throwing herself into her husband's arms, and then into mine, in a rapture of enthusiasm—"Yes, brave young man! to you and your victorious companions in arms we owe the happiness of this moment. We are restored."

"*Oui! restored! restored!*" echoed the old gentleman, throwing open the window, and shouting as though he would have burst a blood-vessel, while the mob without, catching up the cry, yelled it louder than ever.

These people must be all deranged, thought I, unable to conjecture at the moment the reasons for such extravagant joy. Meanwhile, the room became crowded with townspeople, in holiday costume, all wearing the white cockade, and exchanging with each other the warmest felicitations at the happy event.

I now soon learned that the allies were in possession of Paris, that Napoleon had abdicated, and the immediate return of Louis XVIII. was already decided upon. The trumpets of a cavalry regiment on the march were soon added to the uproar without, accompanied by cries of "The English!" "The brave English!" I rushed to the door, and, to my astonishment beheld above the heads of the crowd the tall caps of a British dragoon regiment tottering aloft. Their band struck up as they approached; and what a sensation did my heart experience as I heard the well-remembered air of "Garryowen" resound through the little streets of a French village.

"An Irish regiment!" said I, half aloud.

The word was caught by a bystander, who immediately communicated it to the crowd, adding, by way of explanation, "*Les Irlandois; oui, ces sont les Cosaques d'Angleterre.*" I could not help laughing at the interpretation, when suddenly my own name was called out loudly by some person from the ranks. I started at the sound, and, forcing my way through the crowd, I looked eagerly on every side, my heart beating with anxiety lest some deception might have misled me.

"Hinton! Jack Hinton!" cried the voice again. At the head of the regiment rode three officers, whose looks were bent steadily on me, while they seemed to enjoy my surprise and confusion. The oldest of the party, who rode between the two others, was a large swarthy-looking man, with a long drooping moustache—at that time rarely worn by officers of our army. His left arm he wore in a sling; but his right was held in a certain easy, jaunty manner I could not soon forget. A burst of laughter broke from him at length, as he called out—

"Come, Jack, you must remember me."

"What!" cried I; "O'Grady!—is it possible!"

"Even so, my boy," said he, as, throwing his reins on his wrist, he grasped my hand and shook it with all his heart. "I knew you were here, and I exerted all my interest to get quartered near you. This is my regiment—eh!—not fellows to be ashamed of, Jack? But come along with us; we mustn't part company now."

Amid the wildest cries of rejoicing, and frantic demonstrations of gratitude from the crowd, the regiment moved on to the little square of the village. Here the billets were speedily arranged;—the men betook themselves to their quarters—the officers broke into small parties—and O'Grady and myself retired to the inn, where, having dined *tete-a-tete*, we began the interchange of our various adventures since we parted.

EDITOR IN JAIL.—The editor of the Michigan Whig has been put in jail, and his editorial head is embellished with a dark looking cut of a grated window, while his articles are dated "in jail." He seems to be in tolerable spirits, saying—"As for ourself we expect no bail, but we will not repine. Instead of writing nights, after working hard all day, we now have the whole time. We hope to see our friends any time they are disposed to call, and any testimony of their regard will be gratefully received."

The Olio.

MECHANICAL OPERATIONS OF THE MOUTH.—Some of the operations of the mouth are deserving of particular notice. They will be found to elucidate several philosophical principles, and attention to them would certainly have enabled inventors to have anticipated many useful discoveries. We have, in a preceding book observed, that the mouth is often employed as a forcing pump in ejecting liquids, and a sucking one when drawing them through syphons or through simple tubes. We have just seen how it raises hot liquids, by drawing a stream of air over them, and machines, on the same principle, have been made to raise water. It is often used as a bellows, to kindle; and every body employs it to cool hot victuals, by blowing. It even acts as a stove, to warm our frozen fingers, by giving out heated air.

Many make a condensing air-pump of it, to fill bladders, air-beds, and air-pillows; some make an exhausting one of it; and in all it acts continually as both in respiration. How often does it perform the part of a fife, an organ, or a whistle, to produce music!—of an air-gun, to shoot bullets and arrows from the scarbacan!—and, not to weary the reader, when employed in smoking a pipe of tobacco, we see in operation the identical principle of increasing the draft of locomotive chimneys by exhaustion—i. e. a sucking apparatus is applied to that extremity of the flue that is farthest from the fire—a device patented in Europe a few years ago.—*Ewbank's Hydraulics and Mechanics.*

DR. PALEY, in his "Natural Theology," introduces the autumn Crocus, *Colchicum autumnale*, as a striking instance of the compensatory system. "I have," says he, "pitied this poor plant a thousand times. Its blossom rises out of the ground in the most forlorn condition possible, without a sheath, a fence, a calyx, or even a leaf to protect it; and that not in the spring, not to be visited by summer suns, but under all the disadvantages of the declining year. When we come, however, to look more closely into the structure of this plant, we find that nature has gone out of her course to provide for its security, and to make up to it for all its defects. The seed-vessel, which in other plants is situated within the cup of the flower, or just beneath it, in this plant lies under ground, within the bulb. The tube of the flower extends down to the root. The germ grows up in the spring, upon a footstalk, accompanied with leaves; the seeds have thus the benefit of the summer, and are sown upon the surface. The order of vegetation externally is this: the plant produces its flowers in September, its leaves and fruits in the spring following."

"NO MAN CAN ever borrow himself out of debt. If you wish for relief, you must work for it. You must make more and spend less than you did while you were running in debt. You must wear homespun instead of broadcloth, drink water instead of champagne, and rise at four instead of seven. Industry, frugality, economy—these are the handmaids of wealth, and the sure sources of relief. A dollar earned is worth ten borrowed, and a dollar saved is better than forty times its amount in worthless gewgaws. Try this scheme—it is much better than to depend upon bank favors, and a thousand times more honorable than a resort to the bankrupt laws."

A CAUSTIC HIT.—Piron, the French author having been taken up by the watchman of the night in the streets of Paris, was carried, on the following morning, before a lieutenant of police, who haughtily interrogated him concerning his business or profession.

"I am a poet, sir," said Piron.

"Oh! a poet are you?" said the magistrate, "I have a brother who is a poet."

"Then we are even," said Piron, "for I have a brother who is a fool."

RIGHT NEXT TIME.—"Oh, my dear sir," said a poor sufferer to a dentist, "that is the second wrong tooth you have pulled out!" "Very sorry, sir," said the blundering operator, "but, as there were only three when I began, I'm sure to be right next time!"

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS of the NORTH AMERICAN COLLEGE OF HEALTH are now acknowledged to be the very best medicine in the world for the cure of

HEADACHE,

Giddiness, Palpitation of the Heart, pains in the bones, Gout, Rheumatism, and every malady incident to man; because they purge from the body those bilious and corrupt humors which give rise to every ache or pain we suffer.

Said Indian Vegetable Pills are also a certain cure for intermittent, remittent, nervous, inflammatory and putrid

FEVERS,

Because they cleanse the body from those morbid humors, which, when confined to the circulation, are the cause of those disordered motions of the blood called Fevers.

So, also when the same impurity is deposited on the membrane and muscle, causing pains, inflammations and swellings, called Rheumatism, Gout, etc. WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS may be relied on as always certain to give relief. From three to six of said Indian Vegetable Pills taken every night on going to bed, will in a short time so completely rid the body from every thing that is opposed to health, that

RHEUMATISM,

Gout, and pain of every description, will be literally driven from the body.

For the same reason, when, from sudden changes of atmosphere, or any other cause, the perspiration is checked and the humors which should pass off by the skin are thrown inwardly, causing headache, giddiness, nausea and sickness, pain in the bones, watery and inflamed eyes,

SORE THROAT,

coughs, consumptions, rheumatic pains in various parts of the body, and many other symptoms of catching cold, WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS will invariably give immediate relief. From three to six of said pills, taken every night on going to bed, will, in a short time, not only remove all the above unpleasant symptoms, but the body will, in a short time, be restored to even sounder health than before.

In all cases of

ASTHMA,

Or difficulty of breathing, Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills will be found a delightful medicine, because they carry off by the stomach and bowels, those phlegmy humors which not only stop up the air cells of the lungs, and give rise to the above dreadful complaint, but when neglected, often terminates in that fatal malady, called

CONSUMPTION.

It should also be remembered, that Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are a certain cure for

PAIN IN THE SIDE,

Oppression, nausea and sickness, loss of appetite, costiveness, a yellow tinge of the skin and eyes, and every other symptom of a torpid or diseased state of the liver; because they purge from the body those impurities, which, if deposited upon this important organ, are the cause of every variety of

LIVER COMPLAINT.

As a further evidence that the principle of curing disease by cleansing and purifying the body, is strictly in accordance with the laws which govern the animal economy; and if properly carried out by the use of

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS,

Will certainly result in the complete abolition of disease; we offer the following testimonials, from persons of the highest respectability in New York, who have recently been cured of the most obstinate complaints, solely by the use of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills of the North American College of Health.

JAMAICA, L. I. June 9th, 1841.

Doctor William Wright—Dear Sir—It is with great satisfaction I inform you of my having been entirely cured of Dyspepsia, of five years standing, by the use of your INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

Previous to meeting with your celebrated medicine, I had been under the hands of several physicians, and had tried various medicines, but all to no effect. After using one 25 cent box of your pills, however, I experienced so much benefit, that I resolved to persevere in the use of them according to directions, which I am happy to state has resulted in a perfect cure. In gratitude to you for the great benefit I have received, and also in the hope that others similarly afflicted may be induced to make trial of your extraordinary medicine, I send you this statement with full liberty to publish the same if you think proper. Yours, etc.

New York, June 19, 1841. G. C. BLACK.

To Mr. Richard Dennis, Agent for Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, No. 288 Greenwich street, N. Y.

Dear Sir—At your recommendation, I some time since made trial of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills of the North American College of Health; and can conscientiously assert that for purifying the blood, and renovating the system, I have received more benefit from their use, than from any other medicine it has heretofore been my good fortune to meet with. I am, dear sir, with many thanks, your obliged friend,

CHAS. M. TATE,
No. 66 Hammersly street, New York.

Mr. Richard Dennis, agent for Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

Dear Sir—I have been afflicted for several years with inward weakness and general debility, accompanied at times with pains in the side and other distressing complaints. After having tried various medicines without effect, I was persuaded by a friend to make trial of Dr. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, which I am happy to state have relieved me in a most wonderful manner. I have used the medicine as yet but a short time, and have no doubt by a perseverance in the use of the medicine according to directions, that I shall in a short time be perfectly restored.

I most willingly recommend said Pills to all persons similarly afflicted; and in the full belief that the same beneficial results will follow their use, I remain yours sincerely.

HENRY A. FOOTE,
Warwarsing, Ulster county, New York.

NEW YORK, Sept. 29, 1841.

This is to certify that I have used Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills with the greatest benefit; having entirely cured myself of the frequent attacks of Sick Headache, to which I had previously been subject.

ANN MARIA THOMPSON,
302 Greenwich street, N. Y.

To Mr. Richard Dennis, Agent for Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

BEWARE OF TRAVELLING IMPOSTORS.

As the great popularity of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills has raised up a host of counterfeiters, the public will be on their guard against the various impostors who are travelling about the country, selling, to the unsuspecting store keeper, a spurious article for the genuine. Country agents and store-keepers should remember that all who travel with the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, are provided with a certificate of agency, signed by William Wright, Vice Pres. of the N. A. Coll. of Health; consequently, travellers who offer Indian Pills for sale, and cannot show a certificate as above described, will be known as base impostors.

The public are respectfully informed that Pills made by one V. O. Falck, and sold by himself, and a young man named David Parker, son of Samuel Parker, 47 Philadelphia, are not the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills; and, moreover as the above men sell at a reduced price, it is absolutely impossible for them to have the genuine medicine for sale.

The only security against imposition, is to purchase from persons of known integrity, and in all cases to be particular to see the certificate of agency for the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

The genuine medicine can with certainty be obtained from Isaac P. Cook, No. 26½ Baltimore street, Baltimore; and also at the offices devoted exclusively to the sale of the Medicine, Wholesale and Retail, No. 169 Race street, Philadelphia; No. 288 Greenwich street, New York; and No. 198 Tremont street, Boston.

N. B.—*Beware of travelling impostors.* oct 8 3m